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James Lenox

MEMOIRS

OF

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

Author of "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah."

VOL. III.—FOURTH EDITION.

"*Ridiculum acri*
"*Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.*"
HOR.

"Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
"And cut the knot, where graver reasons fail."
FRANCIS.

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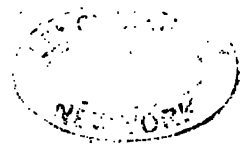

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CHAP. I.

——— "His ſpeech was an excellent piece
"Of patch-work, with ſhreds brought from Rome and from Greece;
"But ſhould poets and orators try him for theft,
"Like the jackdaw of old—would a feather be left?"
SIMKIN's Letters.

THE admirable epiſtle of our thrice-admirable heroine, with which we thought it proper to conclude the laſt chapter, was left by her at Henry's lodgings, on her way to Mrs. Fielding's. On her return from Hanover-ſquare, ſhe, in purſuance of her adopted plan, went to look for lodgings in the ſame ſtreet in which Henry had taken up his adode. Her attempt was unſucceſsful; not a houſe in George-ſtreet would receive her.

Her attack upon the heart of Henry was from this unfavourable circumſtance prevented from being turned into a blockade; but ſtill ſhe reſolved to carry on the ſiege; and happily for her purpoſes, on turning by chance into Conduit-ſtreet, ſhe found a lodging exactly ſuited to her wiſhes. She fixed upon the firſt-floor, and aſked the price.

"Two guineas a week, Ma'am, is the very loweſt at which theſe lodgings were ever let."

'Two guineas a week!' cried Bridgetina, in aſtoniſhment. 'What! a hundred and four guineas a-year for two paltry rooms. You muſt be miſtaken, good woman; I ſhall convince you that you are. In my mother's houſe at W——, for which ſhe pays no more than twenty pounds a year, there are ſeven better rooms than theſe! Do not think I am to be ſo eaſily impoſed upon.'

"If you can ſuit yourſelf cheaper elſewhere, I have no objection, Ma'am," returned

returned the miſtreſs of the houſe, dryly; "but I believe," added ſhe, "you will find few ſuch lodgings at the price (conſidering the ſituation) in London."

The ſituation was indeed deſirable; not that Bridgetina would in itſelf have conſidered it as preferable to Hounſditch, or even to any of the noble avenues of Wapping; but its being in the vicinity of Henry gave it a value beyond all price. Finding it in vain to argue the good woman out of any part of her demand, ſhe cloſed with her terms, and told her ſhe ſhould take immediate poſſeſſion of the apartments. Mrs. Benton curtſeyed, and after a little modeſt heſitation, informed Miſs Botherim, that ſhe made it a rule never to take any lodger without a reference for their character to ſome perſon of reſpectability.

"Mrs. Benton, for that I think is your name, I perceive you are a very unenlightened perſon," ſaid Bridgetina. "A regard to the character of any individual is one of the

the immoral prejudices of a diſtempered ſtate of civilization. I ſhall ſoon inſtruct you better; and out of the choice writings of the moſt illuſtrious modern philoſophers, convince you that there is no notion more erroneous than the falſe prejudices entertained againſt certain perſons of *great powers*, who have happened to energize in a direction vulgarly called vicious. I, for my part, think it one of the peculiar advantages of this great metropolis, that it happily affords to the philoſopher an opportunity of cultivating an intimacy with liberal-minded perſons of this deſcription; and ſhall be much obliged to you for an introduction to any heroine who has nobly ſacrificed the bauble—reputation. Pray have you any acquaintance in this line?"

Mrs. Benton ſtared—'I really do not underſtand you, Ma'am. My acquaintances are all people of unſpotted reputation. Nor, though my lodgings ſhould ſtand empty throughout the year, would I admit any

any perſon of ſuſpected character into my houſe. I do not mean to inſinuate any reflection upon you, Ma'am; but you are a ſtranger to me, and therefore I muſt again requeſt a reference.'

"You are really ſtrangely invulnerable to argument; but I hope I ſhall in time convince you of your miſtake. Meanwhile you may apply to Mrs. Fielding, in Hanover-ſquare, the only perſon I have yet viſited in London; and as ſhe is as much the ſlave of prejudice as yourſelf, her teſtimony will, I dare ſay, pleaſe you."

'Oh, Ma'am, if you viſit Mrs. Fielding, I am more than ſatisfied. To be honoured with her acquaintance is ſufficient recommendation to me. She is the beſt, the moſt generous of women! To her goodneſs I am indebted for every comfort that I now enjoy. I ſhould be baſe, indeed, if I did not with gratitude acknowledge that ſhe has been the ſaviour of me and mine.'

"Gratitude

"Gratitude is a miſtaken notion, Mrs. Benton; and if you feel any extraordinary regard towards Mrs. Fielding, on account of her being your benefactreſs, you act in direct oppoſition to the principles of juſtice and virtue."

'What! Not feel gratitude to my benefactreſs! Not feel a regard for her who reſcued my huſband from priſon! Who like a miniſtering angel, brought relief to our extreme neceſſity! Who ſaved my babes from periſhing, and has put us in a ſituation to earn our bread with comfort and with credit! Oh, if ever I ceaſe to bleſs her, may tenfold miſery be my portion!'

"I perceive you have imbibed all the pernicious prejudices of ſuperſtition; but notwithſtanding your miſtaken notions, I dare ſay, you are a good ſort of woman at bottom! and ſo I ſhall tell Mrs. Fielding, when I go to breakfaſt with her to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Benton curtſeyed; and Bridgetina, deſiring a coach to be called, ſtepped into

it, and drove to the Golden-Croſs for her things. Having paid her bill, and counted her remaining ſtock of caſh, ſhe found there was only one guinea and a half left; which having reſtored to her purſe, ſhe returned to Conduit-ſtreet, where ſhe found her apartment diligently prepared by Mrs. Benton for her reception.

As ſhe had not given any orders about dinner, Mrs. Benton naturally concluded it was her intention to dine abroad; while Bridgetina, never accuſtomed to pay any attention to the affairs of life, and ignorant of all the manners and habits of ſociety, had taken it for granted that food was to be included with her lodging. At five o'clock, finding ſhe could energize no longer, ſhe pulled the bell, to enquire whether dinner was ready.

'Dinner! Ma'am?' ſaid the maid-ſervant who attended her; 'I did not know that you were to have any. I received no directions to make market for you.'

"No!"

"No!" returned Bridgetina; "I perceive, then, that your miſtreſs has conceived too exalted an idea of my *powers*. In the preſent ſtate of ſociety, no one's energies can be ſo effectually exerted as to elude the phyſical neceſſity of eating. I therefore deſire to have my dinner immediately."

The demand which followed for money to go to market, brought on an explanation by no means agreeable to Bridgetina, and which very little ſuited the ſtate of her finances. After a learned expoſtulation on the part of our heroine, and a plain ſtatement on that of Mrs. Benton, it was finally ſettled that the maid ſhould hereafter make proviſion for Bridgetina's meals; which were to be fixed to no regular hour, but taken *philoſophically*,* at what time the energies of her ſtomach required it.

"You will ſay it is more convenient for you, that I ſhould dine at your table," ſaid Miſs Botherim; "and probably quote

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. ii. p. 492.

the

the example of the Spartans, who, by a law of the immortal Lycurgus, were obliged to common meals. But when the progreſs of mind ſhall have carried us further on the road to perfection, all co-operation in butchery, in cookery, or in eating, ſhall be at an end. If, at that happy period, the animal œconomy ſhould ſtill continue notwithſtanding the advanced ſtate of ſociety) to demand a ſupply of food, every man will then, when he is hungry, knock down an ox for himſelf, and cutting out his own ſteak, will dreſs and devour it at the time and place beſt ſuited to his avocation and circumſtances. Do you think the Gonoquais ſit down to table, as we do? No, no; ſocial meals (as they are vulgarly called) are an interruption to the ſublime flights of genius, and ought to be diſcountenanced by every true philoſopher."

In this manner did Bridgetina endeavour to enlighten her humble and modeſt auditor; whoſe ſilence ſhe interpreted into profound

profound admiration of her extraordinary powers of eloquence, and on whoſe mind ſhe firmly believed every word ſhe ſpoke made a deep and laſting impreſſion.

On the following morning, according to appointment, ſhe attended Mrs. Fielding at breakfaſt; when, to her great mortification, inſtead of meeting with Henry, as ſhe had fully expected, ſhe received from his reſpectable friend a very warm expoſtulation on the impropriety of her conduct; which, though delivered with all poſſible gentleneſs of voice and manner, kindled in her mind the flame of deep reſentment.

In vain did Mrs. Fielding endeavour to perſuade her to return to W——. In vain did ſhe urge the duty ſhe owed her aged mother; the riſque ſhe ran of expoſing her character to reproach, and her name to ridicule, by perſiſting in a conduct ſo utterly inconſiſtent with the laws of delicacy and decorum. Bridgetina was like the deaf adder, which refuſeth to hear the

voice

voice of the charmer, charm he never ſo wiſely.' Mrs. Fielding was the ſlave of prejudice; her mind was fettered by ſuperſtition; her morals were built upon the falſe ſtructure of religious principle. She looked to a future world for that ſtate of complete order, happineſs, and perfection, which ſhe weakly believed would never be found in this. She was not enlightened enough to conceive how the progreſs of mind could be accelerated by caſting off all dependence on a Supreme Being, by contemning his power, or denying his exiſtence; but, on the contrary, adored his goodneſs, revered his wiſdom, and firmly believed in his revelation. How, then, could ſhe fail to be the ſcorn of our deep and enlightened philoſopher? In truth, Bridgetina felt for her underſtanding the moſt ſovereign contempt; and after an harangue, which had too little of novelty in it to afford the reader any amuſement, ſhe took her leave of the weak and prejudiced

diced Mrs. Fielding, fully reſolved never more to honour a perſon ſo full of prejudices with her confidence.

Her next attempt was to obtain a conference with Henry. She was informed by his ſervant that he was not at home. Leaving her addreſs, and deſiring the man to tell his maſter that ſhe ſhould be at home all the evening, ſhe ſtepped into a hackney-coach, and drove to the houſe of Sir Anthony Aldgate, in Mincing-lane.

Here alſo her evil ſtars ſeemed to preponderate. The knight, his lady, and daughter, were on a viſit to Mr. Deputy Griſkin, at his villa at Bow-Bridge, and were not expected home till the latter end of the week. This was very unwelcome intelligence to Bridgetina. Sir Anthony had been by her father's will appointed truſtee for her fortune, which conſiſted of four thouſand pounds ſtock in the four per cents. the whole of which was to continue under his management till the day of

Bridgetina's

Bridgetina's marriage; with power, however, to ſell, or change the ſecurity, (with her conſent) as might appear moſt eligible.

It was her intention to raiſe an immediate ſupply of five hundred pounds for her own expences; and to put five hundred more into the hands of Mr. Vallaton, as treaſurer for the Gonoquais emigrants, with a promiſe of doubling the ſum, ſhould the ſubſcription of the philoſophers appear inadequate to the expences of the expedition.

Great was her vexation at the delay occaſioned by Sir Anthony's abſence, which not only protracted the glory ſhe expected to reap from the applauſes of the enlightened, but reduced her to the mortification of remaining for ſeveral days with an empty purſe. O cheerleſs companion of philoſophy! too well do we know the torpedo effects of thy chilling aſpect: too often have we experienced the ſickening languor which the contemplation of thy

long

long lank ſides occaſions, to refuſe our ſympathy to the luckleſs wight who has thee for a gueſt! Thy caſual appearance is a trifling evil; but where thy form is permanent, thou art

" Abominable, unutterable, and worſe
" Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceiv'd,
" *Gorgons*, and *Hydras*, and *Chimeras* dire."

In all the calamities to which life is liable, there is no comfort equal to that which ariſes from being able to fix the blame upon that which has occaſioned, or is ſuppoſed to have occaſioned it. In the opinion of many wiſe men, it is one of the chief advantages of matrimony, that in every croſs accident a conſtant reſource of this nature is provided for in the helpmate of the party aggrieved. Even the vexation ariſing from the loſs of a game at cards is conſiderably alleviated by the privilege of finding fault with the play of a partner; ſo to Bridgetina was it no ſmall conſolation, that in her preſent perplexity

ſhe

ſhe could relieve her mind by bitter invectives againſt the *diſtempered ſtate of civilization*. Had it not been for the preſent depraved inſtitutions of ſociety, her father would not have had it in his power to make a will. She would not then have been fettered by the impertinent interference of this truſtee; who had, indeed, by his management during her minority, conſiderably increaſed the capital of her little fortune, and thus by adding to the wealth of an individual had ſinned againſt the glorious ſyſtem of equality.

Her ſoliloquies upon this ſubject were not interrupted by any viſitor. Henry did not appear; neither did he ſend any anſwer to her letter. She again wrote, but to no purpoſe. She repeatedly called at his lodgings, but ſtill he was not at home. Another letter, conjuring him to enter into her arguments, and either reply to them on paper, or come to reaſon the ſubject with her in a perſonal interview, met with

with no better ſucceſs than the former. Henry remained inexorable.

Mrs. Fielding had, at his requeſt, informed Bridgetina, that as it was impoſſible for him to anſwer her but in a way that muſt appear harſh and diſagreeable, he begged leave to decline writing. In muſing on this ſubject, and inveſtigating in her uſual method the motives of Henry, and the conduct of his patroneſs, it all at once occurred to her that Mrs. Fielding herſelf was the object of Henry's purſuit; and that it was in order to get rid of a rival, that that lady had ſo ſtrongly preſſed her return to the country. The longer her imagination dwelt upon all the circumſtances which had occurred, the more ſtrongly was ſhe impreſſed with the truth of her ſuſpicions. The glaring diſparity in point of age was in her mind no obſtacle, neither did ſhe make any account of that nice propriety of ſentiment and of conduct which marked the character of

Mrs.

Mrs. Fielding, and rendered her eminently ſuperior to the ſuſpicion of weakneſs or abſurdity. That ſhe was attached to Henry, ſhe thought was evident; and that ſhe ſhould wiſh to marry him was not (in her opinion) at all extraordinary. She therefore determined to change her plan, and to exert all her energies to perſuade Mrs. Fielding that ſhe ought in jnſtice to reſign her pretenſions to one, who, by her ſuperior powers, was more eminently qualified to promote the happineſs of a deſerving individual. She would immediately have written, but apprehenſive that Mrs. Fielding, following the example of Henry, would leave the letter unanſwered, ſhe thought it better to diſcuſs the ſubject in a perſonal interview, and ſet out for Hanover-ſquare with all poſſible expedition.

As ſhe entered the ſquare, Mrs. Fielding's carriage drove from her door; ſhe however proceeded to knock, and had the door opened to her by a maid-ſervant, from

whom ſhe learned, that Mrs. Fielding was not expected home till near dinner-time.

"Would ſhe be at home in the evening?"

'Yes; but in the evening ſhe was to have a party.'

This intelligence was extremely agreeable to Bridgetina, as ſhe doubted not that Henry would be of the number of Mrs. Fielding's gueſts, of whom ſhe alſo determined to make one; nor did the want of an invitation appear to her any obſtacle, as that was a mere matter of form, which ſhe thought might very eaſily be diſpenſed with.

It was now that Bridgetina for the firſt time felt the abſence of her mother, who had from her cradle ſupplied the place to her of maid, milliner, and mantua-maker; and though the good woman's fond wiſhes of ſetting off the perſon of her daughter to the beſt advantage were but ill-ſeconded by her taſte, her officious zeal had rendered the object of her affections ſo unaccuſtomed

cuſtomed to do any thing for herſelf, that ſhe was helpleſs as a baby. Her only reſource was to conſult Mrs. Benton, whom ſhe accordingly ſent for; and after telling her ſhe was to go that evening to a party at Mrs. Fielding's, intreated her aſſiſtance in the neceſſary preparations. Mrs. Benton very good-naturedly offered to do every thing in her power; and propoſed ſending immediately for a hair-dreſſer, as really ſhe could not help obſerving, that Miſs Botherim's hair ſtood very much in need of cutting.

Bridgetina replied, that "all unneceſſary co-operation was vicious; and that as Mrs. Benton and her maid had both offered their voluntary aſſiſtance, ſhe would by no means purchaſe the ſervice of a mercenary. Beſides," added ſhe, putting her hand to her forehead, and gently introducing her fingers betwixt her ſkull and the high frizzled locks that towered above, "my hair is much more eaſily dreſſed than

you

you imagine. See, (cried ſhe, taking off the wig) theſe curls want only a little combing, and then, as they are ſomewhat ſtiff, they muſt be well ſmoothed down with hard pomatum, and covered over with a little powder, and they will do very well."

Mrs. Benton ſhook her head; but deſiring Jenny to take the comb, and proceed by Miſs Botherim's directions, ſhe went on to the examination of the wardrobe, which Bridgetina diſplayed for her inſpection. Having laid aſide two or three printed calicoes, and as many ordinary muſlins, ſhe at length arrived at a dreſs carefully pinned up in a large table-cloth. "How very fortunate," ſaid ſhe, "that my mother ſhould by miſtake have ſent me this favourite dreſs, in which ſhe always ſays I look ſo well. It is made up after her own fancy, and admirably ſuited to my complexion. Do you not admire it?"

'Indeed, Ma'am, the ſilk is very pretty, to be ſure, but only—now that ſilks are

ſo

ſo little worn, I fear it will look rather particular. The colour, too—ſo deep a roſe is rather glaring, and I fear it will be thought unfaſhionable.'

"Oh, as to the fear of being particular, I deſpiſe it. The gown has been very much admired at W——, and the fancy of trimming it with theſe knots of deep blue ribbons has been greatly praiſed."

'I do not doubt it; but you know, Ma'am, that in London—indeed, believe me, that you had better go to Mrs. Fielding's in a plain muſlin. I beg pardon for the liberty I take, but indeed I cannot help wiſhing you to conſider, how odd ſuch a dreſs as this will appear in a room full of company.'

The predilection of Bridgetina for her favourite gown was not to be moved by the remonſtrances of Mrs. Benton, though they continued to be urged with increaſing vehemence till interrupted by Jenny, who declared the curls of the wig to be ſo intractable,

tractable, as to bid defiance to her utmoſt ſkill. Again Mrs. Benton hinted the neceſſity of procuring a hair-dreſſer; but as Bridgetina was obſtinate in oppoſing it, ſhe herſelf undertook to ſettle the inflexible treſſes on one ſide of the wig, while Jenny tugged at the other. At length the labours of the toilette were concluded; and our heroine, having refuſed to permit Jenny to call a coach, tripped it on foot through George-ſtreet, and reached Mrs. Fielding's door at the moment ſome ladies who had juſt ſtepped from a coroneted carriage, were entering it. She followed them without heſitation up ſtairs. The names of Lady Caroline and Lady Juliet Manners were announced aloud; and immediately after, that of Miſs Botherim was pronounced by the ſame ſonorous voice. Mrs. Fielding ſtarted at the ſound; ſhe was ſtill ſpeaking to Lady Juliet at no great diſtance from the door, when it reached her ears. She inſtantly turned round, and

in

in ſpite of her vexation, could ſcarce forbear ſmiling at the ſtrange appearance of the little *outré* figure that approached her.

"Bleſs me!" cried a young lady who ſtood up to ſpeak to Lady Caroline Manners, "what maſquerade figure has your ladyſhip brought in with you? I did not hear of any fancy-ball this evening."

'She did not come with us,' ſaid Lady Caroline, 'nor can I imagine who ſhe is; but ſhe is dreſſed in character ſure enough, though I am poſitive there is no maſquerade. I dare ſay ſhe is ſome oddity; for you know Mrs. Fielding does ſometimes pick up queer people.'

Who is ſhe? what can ſhe be? where does ſhe come from? reverberated twenty whiſpering voices at once. Some imagined her to be a foreigner, but of what nation no one could determine. Others ſagaciouſly diſcovered it to be ſome one of their common acquaintance dreſſed up in diſguiſe, and introduced by Mrs. Fielding for the

the amuſement of the company; but the concluſion made by thoſe beſt acquainted with Mrs. Fielding, and which in a ſhort time became general, was highly in Bridgetina's favour, as it ſuppoſed her ſome perſon of extraordinary talents, whoſe ſoaring genius was above conformity to the common faſhions of the world.

Time does not permit us at preſent to controvert the falſe notion upon which this opinion is founded, otherwiſe we ſhould not deſpair of being able ſatisfactorily to prove, that the affectation of ſingularity, ſo far from being a concomitant of real genius, is a certain proof of a confined and little mind. But without waiting to diſcuſs this ſubject any further, we return to Bridgetina, who, quite unconſcious of the wonder her appearance had excited, dreſſed her countenance in a gracious ſmile as ſhe waddled up to Mrs. Fielding, who waited to be addreſſed by her without ſpeaking.

"It was extremely fortunate that I heard you were to be at home this evening," ſaid Bridgetina, after making her curteſy.

'I ſhould have been extremely happy to have heard the ſame of you from W——,' replied Mrs. Fielding, attempting to look ſerious.

"I do not doubt that," returned Bridgetina; "but I know your motives, and have come with a view to convince you that they are erroneous. I wiſh to have an opportunity of communing with you for half an hour or ſo in private, and ſhall wait your time."

'It cannot poſſibly be this evening,' returned Mrs. Fielding, who hoped, by an abſolute refuſal, to prevail on her to depart; 'you ſee how I am engaged: I cannot have it in my power to ſpeak to you for five minutes on any account whatever.'

"Ah!" ſaid Mr. Sardon, who at that moment entered the room, "ſee how the *power of ſympathy* attracts me to the ſpot that

that contains Miſs Botherim. You cannot think, Ma'am," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to Bridgetina, from whom Mrs. Fielding had turned to receive ſome other company, " you cannot think what a convert you have made of me. I have twice walked from Charing-Croſs to Hyde-Park corner, without caſting one glance on either ſhoe-buckles or tea-urns; and though I muſt confeſs I neither laughed nor cried, I have had ſome flights of fancy that I hope will entitle me to be ranked among your men of genius."

'I make no doubt of your powers, ſir,' returned Bridgetina gravely. 'You ſeem a man capable of eſtimating, and of energizing in no common degree.'

Mr. Sardon bowed. " The approbation of a lady of your penetration is too flattering. How much does Mrs. Fielding oblige her friends by introducing among them a perſon ſo rarely qualified! But pray, do you not intend to enlighten this

brilliant

brilliant circle by a lecture on metaphyſics? You know no opportunity for inſtructing mankind ought to be loſt; and I dare ſay there are many perſons here preſent to whom your arguments would be ſtrikingly original."

Mrs. Fielding, who overheard the latter part of Mr. Sardon's ſpeech, here interpoſed. 'Miſs Botherim has too much ſenſe to believe you,' ſaid ſhe, gently tapping him with her fan. 'Though unaccuſtomed to town circles, ſhe knows that to give a lecture upon any ſubject in a mixed company would be very improper; though not ſo bad (whiſpering Mr. Sardon) as to lead a poor wrong-headed girl into the folly of expoſing herſelf to the ridicule of a whole company.'

"No time can be improper for the promulgation of truth," ſaid Bridgetina. "Mr. Sardon ſpeaks like a philoſopher. He knows it is our duty in every company to argue, to reaſon, to diſcuſs. But to be ſure,"

ſure," continued ſhe, drawing up her head with an air of conſcious triumph, "it is not every perſon that is qualified to enlighten the world by abſtract ſpeculation."

'Miſs Botherim ſpeaks like an oracle!' cried Mr. Sardon. He was going on, but was checked by a frown from Mrs. Fielding, who, obſerving the eyes of the whole room fixed on Bridgetina, deſired her to ſit down in a corner leſs expoſed to obſervation. Thither ſhe was followed by Mr. Sardon, who continued to amuſe himſelf with her eccentricity; whilſt the curioſity excited by the ſingularity of her appearance, and the pedantic formality of her manner, attracted round them a circle of ladies who were all eager to liſten to their converſation.

Though cards were not excluded from the parties of Mrs. Fielding, they were generally declined by the majority of the company. Where perſons qualified to reliſh the pleaſures of converſation have an opportunity of enjoying it in perfection, they

they muſt, indeed, be the fettered ſlaves of cuſtom, if they prefer an amuſement, in which fools may conquer, and knaves be crowned with victory, to the refined delight ariſing from the communication of ideas, the colliſion of wit, and the inſtructive obſervations of genius.

From the appearance of Bridgetina ſomething very extraordinary was expected. Mrs. Fielding's taſte for the converſation of people of talents was well known. Her ſolicitude to bring forward extraordinary genius from the depreſſing ſhade of obſcurity had often been crowned with ſucceſs; but though talents had her admiration, it was goodneſs and virtue that could alone enſure her approbation or eſteem. Her ſituation in life gave her an opportunity of ſelecting her acquaintance, and her diſcernment and diſcrimination afforded her the means of employing this ineſtimable privilege to the beſt advantage. No ſooner, therefore, was a new face ſeen in her drawing-

drawing-room, than her friends anticipated a new ſource of pleaſure or improvement; nor were they often diſappointed. Sometimes, indeed, it would happen, notwithſtanding the art ſhe diſplayed in mixing her gueſts, that two learned men would get near enough to fall into a tedious argument concerning the etymology of a word, or ſome minute point in hiſtory or antiquity, for which not another ſoul but themſelves could care a ſingle ſtraw; and ſometimes a diſpute in politics would caſt a temporary cloud over the good-humour of the diſputants; but by the management of Mrs. Fielding theſe things rarely occurred. She was at ſuch pains to provide the talkers with liſteners, and the liſteners with talkers, and to ſuit the ſubject of converſation to the general taſte, that all enjoyed in ſome degree the pleaſure of pleaſing, and the happineſs of being pleaſed.

Bridgetina was at firſt afraid to run on in the words of her favourite authors, as

ſhe

ſhe could not doubt that the ſubject of her ſtudies muſt be familiar to the greateſt part of her well-informed audience. Great was her ſurpriſe, when ſhe diſcovered that the books which ſhe believed were deſtined to enlighten the whole world, and new-model the human race, had not been thought worthy of a reading by any one who heard her. She took advantage of the diſcovery to quote page after page, while any one would liſten to her; but though the novelty of her arguments for ſome time excited attention, and her flow of language did not fail to obtain applauſe, ſhe ſoon experienced the common fate of an haranguer, in wearying the patience of thoſe ſhe pretended to inſtruct. Fatigued with the monotonous ſounds of her diſcordant voice, they turned from her, and gladly joined the different groupes where ſubjects of general literature, or of elegant criticiſm, gave every one an opportunity of contributing their quota to the fund of converſation.

Bridgetina was now, in her turn, obliged to become a liſtener, till her patience being exhauſted, ſhe aroſe, and walking acroſs the room to where Mrs. Fielding ſat, enquired aloud whether ſhe might expect to ſee Dr. Sydney there that night? Mrs. Fielding told her ſhe need not expect to ſee him, as he had another engagement.

"You are acquainted with his engagements!" returned Bridgetina. "You are the confidante of his boſom, the object of his paſſion! It is for you he rejects my love! But if you have any moral ſenſibility, if you are at all capable of energizing, I do not deſpair of convincing you that you owe it to duty, you owe it to every principle of juſtice, you owe it to the happineſs of an individual, to relinquiſh your deſigns on the perſon of this amiable young man."

Mrs. Fielding, ſhocked beyond meaſure at a ſpeech which ſo ſtrongly indicated a diſordered ſtate of intellect, thinking it better to ſoothe than to irritate the mind

of

of the ſpeaker, in a voice of pity told her, that if ſhe would on the morning after the following give her the pleaſure of her company at breakfaſt, ſhe would endeavour to give her ſatisfaction.

"I ſhall not fail to come," ſaid Bridgetina; "and as truth is omnipotent, I make no doubt my arguments will prevail." So ſaying, ſhe took her leave, to the great delight of Mrs. Fielding; who, though ſhe never made a practice of being denied, immediately ordered that Miſs Botherim ſhould never again be admitted with other company.

As Bridgetina retired, the ſervant ſtationed in the anti-room deſired the footman below to call Miſs Botherim's carriage. "I have no carriage, ſir," ſaid Bridgetina; "I diſdain the uſe of a carriage, which is a contrivance of pampered luxury, and altogether unneceſſary to a philoſopher."

The man bowed, and again gravely advancing to the head of the ſtairs, 'Open

the ſtreet-door to a philoſopher,' cried he, with the voice of a Stentor.

Bridgetina, highly pleaſed with the compliment, thanked him, and deſcending, made her way through an avenue of grinning footmen, to whom her appearance afforded no ſmall ſubject of merriment. The door was opened by the footman who had formerly conducted her to the coach, and who had the civility again to offer to procure her either coach or chair; but ſhe declined his ſervices, declaring there was nothing ſhe ſo much loved as a ſolitary ramble by moon-light.

Unfortunately for Bridgetina, her reply to the footman was overheard by a couple of girls, who were on their way to Bond-ſtreet in ſearch of adventures, and who eagerly ſeized the opportunity that preſented itſelf, of venting the malignant ſpirit of miſchief in that ſort of outrage which is vulgarly denominated *fun*. They ſoon came up with Bridgetina, and getting her between

between them, addreſſed her with pretended gravity.

"Do you intend to take a long walk?" cried one.

'Yes, upon the tight-rope, as you may perceive by her dreſs,' cried the other.

"I intend to walk no further than Conduit-ſtreet," ſaid Bridgetina, "and am ſuch a ſtranger in town, that I know not where ſuch a walk as tight-rope is."

A loud laugh from her companions very much diſcompoſed our heroine, who, greatly offended by their rudeneſs, begged they would leave her to her own reflections.

'Own reflections, pretty dear!' ſaid the talleſt of the girls. 'Do you know, Maria, where *own* reflections is?'

"I'll be hanged if I do," replied the other; "unleſs it be in Rag-fair, where ſhe bought that quiz of a wig."

'My dreſs is no concern of your's, ſaid Bridgetina, angrily; 'and I muſt needs tell you,

you, it is rather uncivil to intrude upon me in this manner, when I wiſh to be alone.'

"Why don't you leave us," ſaid one, giving her a puſh, and winking ſignificantly at the other. "I am ſure I don't wiſh to keep you."

'Nor I neither,' ſaid the other; 'I would not be ſeen walking with ſuch a trollopy quiz for the world.' So ſaying, ſhe gave the unfortunate Bridgetina ſuch a puſh towards her companion, that both were driven upon the rails. Bridgetina ſcreamed, but before ſhe could recover herſelf, was again puſhed with ſuch violence by the girl againſt whom ſhe had laſt been driven, that after reeling a few paces, ſhe fell proſtrate in the kennel. The girls ſet up a ſhout of victory, while Bridgetina, forgetful of the immoral tendency of coercion, vociferated Murder! help! murder! as loud as ſhe was able to bawl. In an inſtant the ſtreet, which was before as ſtill as midnight, was filled with a crowd, which as few

few were ſeen to iſſue from the houſes, ſeemed as if by enchantment wafted to the ſpot. The dread ſound of the watchman's rattle gave the ſignal for alarm. Three or four guardians of the night were ſoon aſſembled, who, at the inſtance of Bridgetina, would have taken her companions into cuſtody, had they not by a ſingular piece of effrontery contrived to turn the popular voice in their favour.

"What!" cried the one who had ſhoved Bridgetina into the kennel, "you are pretty watchmen indeed! pretend not to know Poll Maddoc! the moſt notorious wench in London. There's ne'er a boy in St. Giles's that don't know ſquinting Poll. She was condemned at the Old-Bailey for picking the pocket of Jerry Wapping, laſt 'ſizes, let her deny it if ſhe dare; or that ſhe nimm'd that wig from Moſes the Jew in Rag-fair; or that ſhe is now kept by Peter Puff, the puppet-ſhow man. She cry out murder, indeed! becauſe we would

not

not ſuffer her to walk the ſtreets with us! Does ſhe think that we would be ſeen in company with ſuch a trull? No, no; it an't come to that yet; we will let her know that we are meat for her maſters."

This oration quickly turned every voice againſt the hapleſs Bridgetina, who in vain proteſted that the orator had miſtaken her perſon.

The ſagacious watchman recognized her as an old acquaintance, and declared that he ſhould provide her a night's lodging in the watch-houſe.

Bridgetina expoſtulated; ſhe declared ſhe was going home to her lodgings, when accoſted by the two ladies who had given ſuch an erroneous deſcription of her perſon.

'Your lodgings!' cried the watchman with a ſneer; 'you intended to ſleep with Maſter Punch, did you? but we ſhall lodge you as ſafe as with the devil, and Doctor Fauſtus to boot; come along, we cannot ſtay for any more jabber.' So ſaying, he

ſeized

ſeized the reluctant arm of Bridgetina, but was ſtopped for a moment by his coadjutor, who, jogging the other arm of his priſoner, told her, in a whiſper, that 'if ſhe would tip them half-a-crown, ſhe might ſtill regain her liberty.'

"Half-a-crown!" repeated Bridgetina, "I have not a ſingle ſhilling in my pocket; but if you will call upon me to-morrow, I ſhall pay you the money with pleaſure."

'To-morrow!' ſaid the watchman; 'that's all my eye, d'ye ſee. D'ye think I'm ſuch a ſimpleton as to truſt your word?'

"I know," replied Bridgetina, "that promiſes are immoral, and ought not to be conſidered as binding; but in the preſent caſe——"

'No more palaver,' ſaid the honeſt watchman; 'if you don't down with the ready, you muſt go.'

Bridgetina begged to be heard, but in vain. Each ſeizing an arm, they dragged her off; and had nearly reached the end

of

of the ſtreet, when, to the unſpeakable joy of the ſtruggling, weeping Bridgetina, ſhe perceived Henry Sydney advancing towards them.

Great was the ſurpriſe of Henry on beholding the diſmal plight of our heroine; of which, in a commanding voice, he inſtantly demanded the cauſe. He could not very eaſily underſtand either the ſtory of the watchmen, or the incoherent detail of Bridgetina, but found it no difficult matter to perſuade the guardians of the peace of their miſtake; who, receiving from his pockets ſome very convincing arguments in favour of their priſoner's innocence, did not heſitate to deliver up their charge.

'I hope, (ſaid he) Miſs Botherim,' as he conducted her to Mrs. Benton's door, 'this incident will convince you, that London is a very improper place for you to remain in, while deſtitute of the protection of any friend. You ſee how your ignorance of the manners of the metropolis expoſes you

to

to inſult. I am happy in having reſcued you at preſent from a ſituation ſo terrible that I ſhudder to think of it; but another time you may not be ſo fortunate to meet a friend. Let me, therefore, entreat you to think of an immediate return to W——, where your mother is made miſerable by your abſence.'

"Cruel Henry!" returned the weeping Bridgetina; "but now I know the motive of your conduct. Let me but reaſon the matter with you in one ſingle conference, and I ſhall be ſatisfied."

Henry, in hopes of being able to conquer her ſtrange infatuation by argument, conſented to drink tea with her the following evening; and having ſeen her under the protection of Mrs. Benton's roof, took his leave, and purſued his way to his own lodgings.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

" Bring me a father that ſo loved his child,
" Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
" And bid him ſpeak of patience!
" No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
" To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
" But no man's virtue nor ſufficiency
" To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
" The like himſelf."

SOUTHEY.

BEFORE we accompany Henry on his viſit to Bridgetina, it may not be amiſs to take a retroſpective view of the manner in which he has been engaged from the time we left him reading the propoſals of his enlightened and liberal admirer.

The ungrateful Henry, far from being elevated into rapture by the exalted ſentiments and generous propoſals of the philoſophic maiden, having given her letter a haſty

haſty and peeviſh peruſal, threw it on the ground; nor did he at that time vouchſafe to read the paper which had been encloſed in it, and which was no other than the circular letter addreſſed by Mr. Myope to his brethren the philoſophers.

By the unfortunate fate of the amiable Julia, and the deep afflictions of her wretched parents, the mind of Henry was ſo completely engroſſed, that he had not a ſingle thought to beſtow on the tender woes of Bridgetina. Even the reflections upon his own ſituation were ſuſpended; and ſelfiſh cares and ſelfiſh ſorrows were abſorbed in the benevolent feelings of compaſſion, or baniſhed by diſintereſted regret. He flew to the lodgings of his friend Churchill, whom he found juſt arrived; his body worn out with fatigue, and his mind lacerated by diſappointment. After many vexatious delays and interruptions, he had traced the fugitives to London; but there, having ſtepped from the

the poſt-chaiſe into the firſt empty hackney-coach that met them, they effectually eluded all further purſuit. Henry ſpent the remainder of the day with his friend, and devoted the greater part of the ſucceeding ones to his aſſiſtance. Their endeavours were fruitleſs. The retreat of the lovers could not be diſcovered; and poor Churchill, at length ſubmitting to the judgment of Henry, was perſuaded to give over the hopeleſs reſearch.

The day of the election of the phyſician for the hoſpital at length arrived; when the rival candidate having, in conſequence of a private viſit from Mrs. Fielding's agent, relinquiſhed his pretenſions, Henry was unanimouſly choſen to the vacant office; and thankfully rejoiced in his ſucceſs, as a ſtep towards that ſtate of independency on which his deareſt hopes of happineſs ſeemed entirely to depend. Still were his proſpects diſtant, far diſtant from ſuch an income as would, in the preſent ſtate of ſociety,

ſociety, be deemed adequate to the ſupport of a family. Many men of the firſt abilities in his profeſſion had, he well knew, ſpent their lives in hopeleſs penury; and that he ſhould be one of the fortunate few whom the caprice of faſhion ſhould introduce to fortune's favours, was a peradventure too precarious for hope to build on.

The peculiar advantage he enjoyed of being introduced by Mrs. Fielding into the houſes of ſeveral families of diſtinction, does not appear to have been eſtimated by Henry at its full value. He was ſo ignorant as to imagine, that when people were ſick, they would look more to the experience and abilities of the phyſician in whoſe hands they entruſted their lives, than to his rank in the ſcale of faſhion. He did not think it poſſible that the vanity of a dying man could be flattered by having his preſcription written by the ſame hand that had lately felt the pulſe of a lord; or that his weeping wife and daughters could feel a ſuperior

perior gratification in telling their friends, that the dear deceaſed had been viſited by Dr. ——, at the very time he was attending my Lady Ducheſs, than they ſhould have experienced from the happy effects of any medical ſkill. Of the omnipotence of faſhion Henry had as yet formed no adequate idea; and truſting to his own efforts, he reſolved by exertion and unceaſing aſſiduity to deſerve the ſucceſs he ſo ardently wiſhed for.

Several days elapſed without bringing him another letter from W——; neither had Mr. Churchill received any intelligence from that quarter; ſo that the anxiety of both was wound up to the extreme; when Henry, on returning from his attendance on a new patient, a few hours previous to his chivalrous reſcue of Bridgetina from the hands of the giant enchanters, found a letter from his ſiſter, which had been brought by that morning's poſt. He eagerly broke the ſeal, and read as follows:

"BEFORE

"BEFORE I enter upon ſubjects of a leſs-pleaſing though deeply-intereſting nature, let me tell my dear Harry how my heart thanks him for the kind haſte he made to rid me of my fooliſh fears. No; I did not, I could not, ſuſpect you of loving ſuch a woman as Miſs Botherim; but I could not help entertaining ſome ſort of apprehenſion that you might have left her room to conſtrue ſome unmeaning ſpeech into an avowal of tenderneſs. Even here I have been miſtaken; and my heart exultingly repeats, that my beloved brother is now, as ever, free from the ſhadow of reproach. But the more unequivocal your conduct, the more ſhameful, the more abſurd and prepoſterous appears that of this weak bewildered girl, whoſe brain ſeems to have been turned by the wild ambition of ſtanding forth a practical champion for doctrines which even in theory are ſufficiently ridiculous.

"Would to GOD that ſhe had been the only ſacrifice to theſe extravagant opinions!

But, alas! poor Julia! She too, it ſeems, was a convert to this new ſyſtem; which teaches, that by cancelling the bonds of domeſtic affection, and diſſolving the ties of gratitude, the virtue and happineſs of the world is to be increaſed. Fatal deluſion! how would it vaniſh from her mind, could ſhe have but a momentary glance at the altered countenance of her dying father! For theſe laſt three days he has continued to ſuffer all that the moſt extreme agony of mind, added to the moſt acute bodily torture, can inflict. Dr. Orwell and my father have united their efforts to ſoothe his ſorrows, and to alleviate the pangs of grief; but, alas! they cannot remove the dart which rankles in his boſom, or lead him to forget that it was planted there by the hand of his much-beloved child.

"The aſſurance obtained from Mrs. Glib, that Vallaton was not a married man, as had been reported, ſeemed to convey a

ſhort-

ſhort-lived relief; but it was followed by ſuch an account of his character, and of the meanneſs of his ſtation, (which it ſeems is that of a hair-dreſſer) as opened every wound of the father's heart. Unable to ſupport the war of conflicting paſſions, his feeble frame ſeems nearly exhauſted by the conteſt. In proportion as he becomes weaker, the more powerful emotions ſubſide. Indignation gives place to pity, and the feelings of reſentment are ſwallowed up in thoſe of paternal tenderneſs. He even ſtrives to form excuſes for his daughter's conduct, and ſeems eager to transfer the blame from her to ſome other object.

"Yeſterday as my father ſat by his bedſide, after a ſilence of ſome minutes, 'Mr. Sydney,' ſaid he, 'you are very good to bear with me; but you are yourſelf a father, though you cannot—oh, no; you cannot poſſibly know the ſorrow that has pierced me. For the pride I took in this darling child, how ſeverely am I puniſhed!

In the fooliſhneſs of my heart I believed her to be ſuperior to all her ſex. I encouraged her to throw off the prejudices of religion—to act from nobler motives than the hope of an hereafter—to ſubſtitute the laws of honour for the laws of GOD; and to conſult the dictates of her mind inſtead of the morality of the Goſpel. Oh, if I have taught my child to err; if it be for want of more ſolid principles that ſhe has been made an eaſy prey to the ſnares of a ſeducer—but I cannot bear the thought. Tell me, Mr. Sydney, O tell me that it is not *to me* ſhe owes her fall! Say not that it was I who led my child to the precipice down which ſhe has ſunk!'

"You, Harry, who are ſo well acquainted with the benignity of our dear father's nature, may imagine how much he was affected: nor need I ſay, that he uſed every endeavour to ſoothe and comfort the poor unhappy man, who ſeemed thus to cling to him for ſupport. You know how much

much it is his delight to heal the wounded ſpirit, and to ſpeak peace to the broken in in heart. I pray GOD, that his endeavours may in this inſtance prove ſucceſsful!

" Our amiable friend, Harriet Orwell, has done all in her power to ſupply the place of a daughter to poor Mrs. Delmond. While her attentions have been engroſſed by her, I have devoted mine to Mrs. Botherim; who, ever ſince ſhe heard of Biddy's departure, has been in a ſtate little ſhort of diſtraction. Nothing, to be ſure, can be more ludricous than the ſtyle of her lamentations ſometimes are; but the voice of ſorrow ought to command reſpect, however mean or abſurd the language in which it is conveyed. I am far, you may believe, from juſtifying a breach of filial duty; but ſurely the man does great injuſtice to his children, who gives them a mother ſo weak, or ſo ignorant, as to render her deſpicable in their eyes; not that to a well-regulated mind the weakneſs of a

parent

parent will ever be made the object of contempt; but how ſhall the children of a fool come by the information neceſſary to point out the line of duty, or to fix the principles of filial piety in the heart?

"Oh, my brother, if ever you marry, may your wife be one, whoſe memory your children's children ſhall delight to honour; may ſhe demand from her family, not merely the barren obedience of duty, but the grateful tribute of heart-felt veneration and eſteem!

"At the concluſion of the laſt paragraph, I laid aſide my writing, to enquire for Capt. Delmond; the anſwers ſent by a ſervant are ſo little ſatisfactory, that I have generally contrived to go twice a day myſelf, and from Harriet have learned the particulars for which I was ſo anxious.

"Very little alteration has taken place in his ſtate of mind or health ſince yeſterday, except that he is apparently weaker and more tranquil. Dr. Orwell accompanied

panied me up ſtreet. As we approached the houſe of Mr. Glib the ſtationer, we perceived a crowd about the door; and on enquiring into the cauſe, were informed that Mr. Glib had ſuddenly departed from W——, and that the creditors were then taking poſſeſſion of the few effects he had left behind him. A perſon from the houſe requeſted of Dr. Orwell to ſtep in for a few moments, as the preſence of a juſtice of peace was neceſſary, in order to take the affidavit of Mrs. Glib about ſome matters, but I do not know what. While waiting for the Doctor, I was accoſted in the rudeſt manner by two or three of the children, who were running about like ſo many ragged colts. To ſay they are in a ſtate of nature, would be doing little honour to our ſpecies, for never did I ſee imps ſo miſchievous and impudent. They were happily attracted by the arrival of another ſtranger, an officer of dragoons, who was lately quartered in a neighbouring town,

and

and whoſe attentions to Mrs. Glib have not eſcaped the notice of the ſcandal-loving coterie. This gentleman ſtepped up to Mrs. Glib's apartment without ceremony, and from the air of ſatisfaction that appeared in his manner, went, I hope, with the intention of affording relief to her misfortunes. In a few minutes Dr. Orwell returned to me, and brought with him a letter which Mrs. Glib had put into his hands. It was written by her huſband, and left behind by him as a juſtification of his conduct. By this it appears, that in deſerting his wife and children he acts *upon principle.* 'Convinced,' he ſays, 'of the immoral tendency of matrimony, and that it is an odious and unjuſt inſtitution *—a monopoly, and the worſt of monopolies— which, by forbidding two human beings to follow the dictates of their own minds, makes prejudice alive and vigorous;** he is re-

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. ii. p. 499.

ſolved

ſolved to diſmiſs the miſtake he has ſo happily detected, and no longer ſeek, by artificial and deſpotic means, to engroſs a pretty woman to himſelf, but to reſtore to her that liberty, of which (by the deſpotic ſanction of a fooliſh law) ſhe had been unjuſtly deprived. As to the five children which ſhe calls *his*, it is a matter of no importance to him whether they are ſo or no. He has neither the *ariſtocracy*, *ſelf-love*, or *family pride*,* that teaches prejudiced people to ſet a value upon a matter in itſelf ſo inſignificant; and as they may, very probably, be no worthier than the children of any other man, it is not conſiſtent with moral juſtice that he ſhould devote to them the fruits of his labour.'

"So far he ſeems to make uſe of the words of ſome author, who probably little imagined that his theory would ever meet with ſuch a practical advocate. In the concluſion, he makes uſe of his own peculiar

* See Pol. Juſt.

jargon,

jargon, which is often whimſical enough; talks of Hottentots who live according to the ſublime ſyſtem that is to be univerſally adopted in the *Age of Reaſon*, and hints at a deſign of emigrating to Africa!

"It is probable Miſs Botherim may have been induced to become a party in this projected expedition. For the ſake of her poor mother, I hope ſhe will not carry her folly quite ſo far; and I intreat you may do all you can to perſuade her to an immediate return to W——.

"Adieu, my deareſt brother. We have another frank for this day week, which my father deſires me to tell you he will fill; in the mean time he ſends his bleſſing. In my opinion, the greateſt we can have from Heaven, is a juſt ſenſe of the happineſs we enjoy in having ſuch a parent. That he may be bleſſed in the proſperity and happineſs of 'his heart's dear Henry,' is the the never-ceaſing prayer of

"Your truly affectionate ſiſter,

"MARIA SYDNEY."

A ſecond letter from Maria was encloſed in the ſame cover. The contents were as follow:

"I HAVE opened the pacquet, to inform my dear Henry that the ſorrows of Capt. Delmond are at end. They have at length broken the attenuated thread of his exiſtence, and accelerated his departure to the ſilent grave. Oh, Julia! Julia! what muſt be thy feelings, when informed of this event! The infatuation of paſſion may for a while ſtifle the voice of nature, but a time will come when the ſword with which ſhe has pierced her father's heart, ſhall deeply wound her own.

"The whole of yeſterday the poor Captain was ſo much eaſier as to give ſome hopes of his recovery. He ſat up great part of the day, and appeared to receive ſo much pleaſure from the company of my father, that he ſpent the greateſt part of it in his apartment. He more than once regretted that he had ſo long lived near

two

two ſuch men as my father and Doctor Orwell, without having attempted to cultivate their friendſhip. 'I now,' ſaid he, 'perceive my error, in attributing to the ſpirit of the Chriſtian religion itſelf that gloomy illiberality which I have obſerved in ſome of its pretended votaries. I ſee that its prieſts are not neceſſarily either mercenary knaves or zealous bigots; and begin to apprehend, that while I piqued myſelf on being ſuperior to prejudice, I have in reality its dupe.'

"The endeavours uſed by my father to ſoothe and tranquillize his mind appeared to be effectual; and he left him in ſuch a compoſed and happy ſtate, as ſeemed to promiſe a night of undiſturbed repoſe. No ſooner, however, was he left to his own meditations, than his thoughts appear to have recurred to the ſubject of his uneaſineſs. He became reſtleſs, impatient, and not unfrequently delirious. Sometimes he uttered the wildeſt threats againſt the villain

lain who had deprived him of his daughter; and ſometimes he called upon her name, and in the tendereſt and moſt ſupplicating voice adjured her not to leave him. Towards morning he called upon the nurſe to aſſiſt him in changing the poſture of his head; and while ſhe did ſo, 'Oh, Julia! Julia!' he murmured in a feeble voice, 'I looked to thy dear hand to ſmooth my death-bed pillow—but I forgive thee.' His voice failed, he ſunk down upon the bed, and in a few moments expired.

"Mrs. Delmond, being worn out with fatigue and grief, had, by the perſuaſion of Harriet, (who has indeed acted like an angel) laid down to take ſome reſt. She had fallen into a profound ſlumber, from which ſhe would have been haſtily awakened by the nurſe; but Harriet, ſatisfying herſelf that all was over, would not permit the ſlumbers of the poor widow to be diſturbed. By her wiſe precaution, Mrs. Delmond regained ſome ſtrength of mind

as

as well as body; and ſupported by her ſoothing tenderneſs, has been enabled to bear her afflictions with more fortitude than could have been expected.

"A meſſage from General Villers has juſt arrived, requeſting Mrs. Delmond's permiſſion to take upon himſelf the charge of the funeral; which he wiſhes to be performed in a manner ſuitable to the birth and merit of his deceaſed friend.

"Your letter is this moment put into my hand. Ah! in what juſt colours does it paint the amiable Churchill! What noble generoſity of ſentiment! What affecting ſenſibility! That Julia ſhould have known him, ſhould have ſeen (and how could ſhe be blind to a partiality ſo viſible?) the impreſſion ſhe had made upon his heart, and yet give her preference to a wretch like Vallaton, is a myſtery to me inexplicable. Adieu! deareſt Henry, my ſpirits are ſo depreſſed I can ſay no more, but that I am ever affectionately your's, "M. S."

Henry

Henry had no ſooner peruſed his ſiſter's letter, than he haſtened to his friend Churchill to inform him of the contents. As the quickeſt method of doing ſo, he gave it him to read, a breach of delicacy which we can by no means excuſe. If Henry had given a moment's conſideration to what the feelings of Maria would have been, could ſhe have ſeen the eye of Churchill gazing on her letter, and devouring, with an appearance of more than common intereſt, thoſe paſſages concerning himſelf, which ſhe would leaſt of all have expoſed to his peruſal, Henry would not given the letter out of his own hand.

Churchill returned it to him with a ſigh. "What a charming girl is your ſiſter!" ſaid he. "How clear her underſtanding! How juſt her ſentiments! Happy had it been for poor Julia Delmond, had her mind been formed like her's. But the death of the poor father—how very ſhocking it is! He deſerved a better fate. I fooliſhly flattered

tered myſelf that I ſhould have had it in my power to contribute to his happineſs, and promiſed myſelf much pleaſure in performing to him the duty of a ſon. That is over. And I can now only ſhew the reſpect I bear his memory, by aſſiſting at the laſt offices of humanity, and following his body to the grave."

Henry, finding it in vain to oppoſe this ſudden deſign of his friend, left him to follow his inclination. To ſay truth, if he had been at liberty to conſult his own, he would much rather have encountered the fatigue of a midnight journey, to accompany him to W——, than have gone to the ſplendid party to which he was engaged.

It was on his return home from this party, that he diſcovered our heroine in the deplorable ſituation from which he had the good fortune to reſcue her. He now reproached himſelf for the little pains he had taken to perſuade her of the folly and impropriety of her remaining in London, and

and reſolved to loſe no time in urging the neceſſity of her immediate departure to W——. He next morning communicated his intention to Mrs. Fielding, when, by her own appointment, he waited on her to report the ſituation of ſome poor patients ſhe had recommended to his attention. On receiving from her an account of all that had paſſed the preceding evening, his hopes of ſucceſs became rather leſs ſanguine; but the neceſſity there appeared to him of making ſome effort to reſcue the poor girl from a ſituation expoſed to ſo many evils, made him reſolve on making the experiment. While canvaſſing the ſubject with Mrs. Fielding, her carriage drove up to the door, in which, accompanied by Henry, ſhe ſet off on a tour of viſits; and ſtrange to tell, ſet off with a certain aſſurance of receiving, wherever ſhe appeared, a hearty welcome!

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" Come hither, out-caſt one! and call her friend,
" And ſhe ſhall be thy friend more readily,
" Becauſe thou art unhappy.
" Art thou aſtoniſh'd, maid!
" That one, though powerful, is benevolent?
" In truth, thou well may'ſt wonder!"

SOUTHEY.

"A Welcome!" repeats ſome lovely fair one, as with a yawn ſhe throws down the book at the concluſion of the laſt chapter. "La! how vulgar! What a bore to find one's friends at home! I am fatigued to death at the very thoughts of it. What odd notions theſe low authors have of the manners of the faſhionable world!"

Stay, dear lady, and be convinced that we are not ſo ignorant, or ſo little accuſtomed to the world of faſhion, as you ſeem to

to imagine. Well do we know, that in dropping your tickets at the ſplendid dwellings of the *dear friends*, whoſe names ye in return expect to ſwell your porter's liſt, ye have neither end nor object in view, but the gratification of your own vanity; a vanity which might be ſomewhat humbled, were ye obliged to witneſs the mortification that would be inflicted on your *dear friends* by your tireſome and inſipid company. Wiſely, therefore, do you keep your inſignificance concealed; and truſt the gratification of your pride and vanity, not to your own intrinſic merits, but to thoſe of the honeſt artiſans, whoſe united labours have clothed your equipage with ſplendour. But never, when rolling in that ſplendid equipage, did the loud thundering of your well-dreſſed footman at the door of a ducheſs, not even when it has diſturbed half a ſtreet, touch your conſcious heart with half the ecſtacy that Mrs. Fielding experienced, when after walking down a

dirty lane, too narrow for her coach to enter, her gentle tap at the door of a decayed houſe was opened by a face beaming with gratitude, and her preſence hailed as that of a ſuperior being, the diſpenſer of happineſs and joy.

It happened that this obſcure retreat of wretchedneſs was not above a hundred yards remote from the reſidence of a man of faſhion, at whoſe houſe Mrs. Fielding was engaged to dine the day of her firſt viſit to its ſtarving inhabitants. Her heart was ſtill full of the ſcene ſhe had witneſſed. The ghaſtly figure of the wretched father of the family, ſtretched upon a pallet in one corner of the room in the agony of a rheumatic fever, was ſtill before her eyes; the appearance of his wife, not four and twenty hours delivered, ſitting up in bed, and with her feeble hands ſtretching out ſome pieces of muſlin, which a lady had in charity ſent her to clear-ſtarch, and in which ſhe was aſſiſted by the eldeſt little girl,

girl, (a half-naked and more than half-ſtarved creature of nine years old, who worked with eagerneſs in hopes of ſharing in the bread to be thus procured, and for which four other little mouths now vainly clamoured) ſtill dwelt on Mrs. Fielding's imagination, when ſhe took her place at the loaded board of the voluptuous baronet, who was equally remarkable for the iraſcibility of his temper, and the epicureaniſm of his table.

In vain had the ingenuity of the purveyor, and the art of the cook, been employed to pleaſe the ſickly appetite of this ſon of luxury. Every diſh afforded him a ſubject of inquietude and vexation. It was upon a fine turbot that he particularly vented the ebullition of his wrath. The ſauce had not been made to pleaſe him, and ſauce and turbot were ordered from the table, with directions that they might be thrown to the dunghill, as they were not fit even for the dogs.

An

An involuntary exclamation, which at that moment eſcaped the lips of Mrs. Fielding, reached the angry gentleman's ears. He immediately aſked her pardon for his violence, but urged the impoſſibility of keeping his temper on an occaſion ſo provoking.

"You need make no apology to me, ſir," ſaid Mrs. Fielding; "for *me* your behaviour has not inſulted."

'I hope I have inſulted no one,' returned the Baronet, attempting to reſume his cheerfulneſs, while his fiery eye and contracted forehead indicated the rage that ſtill poſſeſſed his breaſt.

"Pardon me, ſir," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, "if I differ from you."

'I really do not underſtand you, Madam,' rejoined the Baronet; 'to whom has my ſending away that execrable diſh given offence?'

"To the image of GOD in your fellow-creature, now ſtarving at your very door!"

returned

returned Mrs. Fielding; "to the famiſhed wretches who, while you are gorged to loathing, have not even bread for their mouths. Within a hundred yards from where you now ſit, have I this morning ſeen a family of eight ſouls, to whom the price of that very diſh you have ſpurned from your table, would have afforded luxuries for a week. It is the pardon of *ſuch as theſe* you ſhould ſolicit, for to miſery ſuch as theirs your conduct is an inſult."

Mrs. Fielding felt her energy in the cauſe of humanity not a little ſtrengthened by the ſtriking contraſt this day afforded her, betwixt the ſickly caprice of voluptuouſneſs and the eagerneſs of hungry poverty.

It was to give his medical advice to the father of this little family of wretchedneſs, that ſhe carried Henry to their habitation, which now wore a very different aſpect from that which on her firſt viſit it had preſented. The children were now clothed; the

the furniture, which had been by piece-meal ſent to pawn, was now replaced; the wife with maternal tenderneſs preſſed the infant to her boſom, whoſe birth ſhe had deplored as an aggravation to her misfortunes; and even the poor huſband, relieved from the torture of beholding his family periſhing before his eyes for the want of that food which ſickneſs rendered him unable to procure, felt half the acuteneſs of his malady removed, and with tears of gratitude implored the beſt bleſſing of Heaven upon his worthy benefactreſs.

After a few viſits of a ſimilar nature, Mrs. Fielding carried our young phyſician to a large houſe deſtined for the reception and temporary abode of ſuch of her own ſex as, from being deſtitute of friends in London, were (when by ſickneſs or misfortune thrown out of employment) in danger of being driven, through fear of want, into habits of infamy. The incident that gave riſe to this plan of charity in

Mrs.

Mrs. Fielding's mind, is ſufficiently intereſting to claim the attention of thoſe of our readers who really believe people of an inferior ſtation to be compoſed of the ſame materials with themſelves.

It happened one cold evening in December, that on returning from the theatre through a narrow ſtreet, an accident which befel a preceding carriage occaſioned a ſtop of many minutes to the line of carriages which followed. Mrs. Fielding let down the glaſs to enquire the cauſe; and having learned it, was about to pull it up and patiently wait the event, when her attention was attracted by an object of wretchedneſs, who with looks of deep humility implored alms at the door of the coach which was immediately before her's in the line. She heard the glaſs violently drawn up, and ſaw at the ſame moment the trembling emaciated wretch who had preſumed to ſupplicate, receive a blow for her impertinence from the rattan of the laced foot-

man

man who ſtood behind. Mrs. Fielding, who could not help feeling indignant at an inſult offered to miſery, even when coupled with vice, was about to make the poor wretch a compenſation for what ſhe had endured, when ſhe ſaw her familiarly accoſted by a bold-looking fellow of the order vulgarly called *ſhabby-genteel*. The lamp now ſhone full upon the object of her attention, and diſplayed a countenance that had once been handſome, but apparently waſted by ſickneſs and famine. She ſeemed to ſhrink from the perſon who addreſſed her, but yet wanted reſolution to reſiſt his importunity. She ſuffered him to take one of her hands, while with the back of the other ſhe wiped the tears which trickled down her pallid cheek. The coach moved a ſtep or two nearer. Mrs. Fielding diſtinctly heard the ejaculation, 'O God, forgive me! if to ſave myſelf from ſtarving——.' She could hear no more. The obſtruction to the proceeding of the further carriage being

now removed, it drove on with fury, and Mrs. Fielding's, with the reſt that followed it, ſuddenly darted forward in full ſpeed.

Mrs. Fielding's ſenſibility was not of that nature which can content itſelf with dropping a graceful tear to the miſery which an active exertion of benevolence has power to relieve. She haſtily pulled the check-ſtring, and having called the footman, "Run, Thomas, run with ſpeed, I beſeech you, after that poor woman, whom yonder wretch is dragging away. Deſire her to come hither; fly——"

Thomas heſitated. 'I preſume, Madam, you do not know that ſhe is——'

"No matter what ſhe is—I muſt ſpeak to her."

Thomas obeyed; and no ſooner did the poor forlorn creature hear the welcome meſſage, than ſtruggling from the man who had hold of her, ſhe haſtened, as faſt as her trembling limbs could carry her, to the coach-door over which Mrs. Fielding leaned.

"You

"You appear to be in great misery, young woman;" said Mrs. Fielding, in a voice of pity.

'I am, indeed, Madam! in misery that is inexpressible.'

"But is taking to a course of vice the proper way to procure relief? Would it not be better by honest industry to seek a livelihood, than by continuing in the path of infamy, to——"

"Ah, Madam! I am not the wretch you take me for. I am indeed—I as yet am virtuous; but I am starving. I have not one farthing to get either food or lodging. I wish I had courage to die! I know it would be better; and that I ought to die rather than be wicked—but I am *so hungry!*—"

Her weak and hollow voice here became quite inarticulate; it died away in short convulsive sobs, a shivering came over her, and she would have sunk to the ground, had she not been supported by Thomas; who, having caught the contagion of pity from

from his miſtreſs, was now as zealous to relieve the poor unfortunate, as he was before unwilling to go after her. What was to be done? To leave her in her preſent ſituation, was to leave her to periſh. A heavy ſhower came on, which inſtantly determined Mrs. Fielding. She ordered Thomas to open the coach-door, and to lift the poor exhauſted wanderer into the carriage, where ſhe ſupported her with her own arms all the way to Hanover-ſquare. A few mouthfuls of biſcuit ſoaked in wine reſtored the ſinking powers of nature; and Mrs. Fielding, who adminiſtered the cordial with her own hands, had the pleaſure of beholding the colour return to the faded cheek, and an expreſſion of ſenſibility reanimate the ſunken eye.

'Are you an angel?' cried the poor miſerable, graſping Mrs. Fielding's hand, as ſhe held out to her a bit of biſcuit. 'Yes, yes, you muſt be an angel! no great lady could be ſo condeſcending, ſo very, very good.'

"Alas!"

"Alas!" ſaid Mrs. Fielding, "that the common duties of humanity, in a world where misfortune in one ſhape or other is the lot of all, ſhould be ſo rare as to be thus over-rated!"

The ſalutary refreſhment ſhe had received, aided by a night's repoſe, had ſo far reſtored the poor woman, that when ſhe appeared before Mrs. Fielding on the following morning, ſhe could hardly believe it was the ſame perſon.

In anſwer to Mrs. Fielding's interrogatories, ſhe informed her that ſhe was the daughter of a Northumbrian peaſant; that an elder brother, who had come up to London ſome few years before, had got ſo good a place as ſhopman at a druggiſt's, that on her father's death ſhe was tempted to come up to town likewiſe—hoping, through her brother's intereſt, to procure a place, as maid of all work, in ſome creditable family. On arriving in London, ſhe found that her brother had died of the ſmall-

ſmall-pox the week before, and his maſter (who was a bachelor) had been appointed ſurgeon in the army, and was then on the eve of embarking for the Weſt-Indies. He, however, had the goodneſs, before his departure, to recommend her to a lady and gentleman from Devonſhire, who had taken lodgings in Suffolk-ſtreet, where they had the uſe of a back-kitchen. From breathing the pure air of the Northumberland mountains, ſhe was transferred to this unwholeſome dungeon, where ſhe had not been confined for many weeks when ſhe was ſeized with a fit of illneſs, forced to leave her place, and with the ſmall pittance of wages ſhe had acquired in her ſhort ſervice, to pay for lodging, food, and phyſic. On recovering from her fever, which laſted many weeks, ſhe found herſelf deep in her landlady's debt, who had the *goodneſs* to accept of all the remains of her little wardrobe in lieu of caſh; and having ſtripped her of every thing but the rags in which

ſhe

ſhe uſed to do her dirty work, *humanely* turned her out to the ſtreet. A ſtranger in London, and without friends, to whom could ſhe apply for relief? Who would liſten to the tale of her misfortunes? Who would accept her ſervices, or open their doors to receive a wretch that had none to help her?

At the time ſhe was ſeen by Mrs. Fielding, ſhe had been forty-eight hours without food. Her virtuous principles revolted at the proferred wages of proſtitution, till hopeleſs of ſuccour, and overpowered by the repulſe ſhe had met with from the ſentimental Lady Mary Mildmay and her powdered footman, ſhe gave way to the impulſe of deſpair, and would probably, if the interpoſing hand of Mrs Fielding, had not been held out to ſave her, ſoon have added one other wretched female to the thouſands who yearly periſh by diſeaſe and want, in the ſtreets of the moſt wealthy, the moſt charitable, and the moſt munificent city in the world.

" Surely,"

"Surely," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, "there is ſomething wrong in this. There ought to be a reputable receptacle eſtabliſhed for affording temporary ſhelter to thoſe who are willing to eat the bread of honeſt induſtry. The government ought—but, alas! I cannot dictate to the government. I have not the power to influence the makers of our laws. But cannot I do ſomething towards the relief of a few of theſe unhappy individuals? Let me ſee—"

She then began to make calculations. Gradually, and with deep reflection, formed her plan; appropriated a ſum to carry it into execution; and at the time ſhe carried Henry to her aſylum, ſhe could exult in the reflection, that without injury to her fortune, without aſſiſtance from the public, or aid from the purſe of any individual, ſhe had, in the five years that had elapſed ſince the commencement of her ſcheme, afforded relief to above a thouſand deſtitute females, of whom many were ſnatched from the

jaws

jaws of ruin, and ſaved from courſes that would have led to infamy or death.

At firſt the number admitted was very limited. She had now fourteen beds conſtantly occupied by as many women, whoſe willing induſtry was employed to ſuch advantage in needle-work of various deſcriptions, that they entirely cleared the price of their maintenance. Theſe were chiefly compoſed of ſervants, who by ſickneſs, accident, or misfortune, had been thrown out of employment, and who were willing by their diligence to procure the recommendation of the houſe to creditable places. The unhappy female abandoned by the ſeducer for whom ſhe had quitted the protection of her friends, here found that ſhelter ſhe dared not to implore from her offended family; and if inclined to acquire habits of induſtry, was ſoon put in a way of earning a comfortable ſubſiſtence, and of regaining the invigorating ſtimulus of ſelf-approbation. Even the wretched outcaſt of ſociety, ſuch

as

as are every ſeſſions diſgorged from our priſons, and after having been acquitted by a jury of all crime, are charitably ſent forth either to *ſteal* or *periſh*, was admitted here; not indeed to the ſuperior apartment, but to one provided with every neceſſary for their accommodation, where works of an inferior nature were carried on, the profits accruing from which were all appropriated to clothing the poor wretches who here found ſhelter.

Three hundred a year was the ſum firſt deſigned by Mrs. Fielding to be expended in this charity. It gradually increaſed to five, and would have been much greater, had ſhe not found means to engage an American merchant in her intereſt, who opened a ſtore in Charleſtown for the ſale of ready-made linen garments; and would have taken off her hands, at a good price, more than ſhe was able to ſupply.

"Five hundred a year!" cries Lady Racket; "bleſs me, what a ſweet maſked

ball one might give every winter with ſuch a ſum! It is true, Mrs. *****'s, and Lady ******'s, coſt twice the money; but with five hundred pounds well managed one might give a very pretty, daſhy, ſtyliſh ſort of an entertainment for a ſingle evening. Don't you think ſo?"

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

" This *forager* on others' wiſdom leaves
" Her native farm, her reaſon quite untill'd.
" With mixt manure ſhe furfeits the rank ſoil,
" Dung'd, but not dreſs'd; and rich to beggary,
" A pomp untameable of weed prevails."

YOUNG.

MRS. Fielding and Henry were ſo deeply engaged in converſation as the carriage went down Holborn, they perceived not Bridgetina paddling along the dirty ſtreet. They did not, however, paſs unobſerved by her. "Yes!" cried ſhe aloud, "there they are, ſide by ſide, taſting the balmy ſweetneſs, drinking the delicious poiſon, which unſophiſticated effective love ſheds through the human heart! Perhaps they are now going to be married. O odious inſtitution! nurſe of depravity! foe to energy

energy and uſefulneſs! Never ſhall I prevail upon the prejudices of Henry to break thy galling chain. But why ſhould I deſpair? Is not truth omnipotent? Muſt not my reiterated efforts in the end prevail? What though he ſhould be married? May I not convince him of the immoral tendency of all engagements? May I not demonſtrate from the divine principles of philoſophy, that promiſes are not, ought not to be binding?"

Though the buſy crowd of paſſengers were too much occupied by their own concerns to take notice of her ſoliloquy, it met with numerous interruptions from the joſtlings of hawkers, porters, draymen, &c. who, careleſs of all before them, puſhed their way in a manner ſo rude, as would frequently have provoked an expoſtulation from our heroine, had they not quickly got out of the reach of her voice. At the bottom of Holborn-hill the throng was ſo great, that ſhe was unable to reſiſt its impetuoſity; but hurried along by the torrent,

was

was forced to make a retrograde movement of ſeveral ſteps. On another occaſion ſhe was carried forward with a rapidity as much beyond her ſtrength as contrary to her inclination: gaſping for breath, ſhe attained the ſteps of a ſhop-door, where ſhe ſtood for a few moments to recover herſelf, "Ah!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "how great muſt be his genius, who, in walking through a ſtreet like this, *can enter into nice calculations, can digeſt ſagacious reaſonings, can declaim or deſcribe, impreſſed with the deepeſt ſympathy, or elevated to the loftieſt rapture!** Oh, that I could energize in ſuch a manner!"

'You ſeem at a loſs, Ma'am;' ſaid a tolerably well-dreſſed man, who at that moment paſſed. 'Can I be of any ſervice to you, in ſhewing you your way?'

"I ſhould be ſorry to taſk your urbanity, ſir," returned Bridgetina; "but if you are going to Mincing-lane, I ſhall willingly accept of your aſſiſtance."

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* Enquirer.

The

The ſtranger declaring he ſhould have pleaſure in eſcorting her, Bridgetina laid hold of his offered arm, and aſcended Snow-hill, not a little ſatisfied with her polite conductor. They had proceeded to the middle of Newgate-ſtreet, Bridgetina all the while loading with praiſes the benevolence of the ſtranger, when, to her utter aſtoniſhment, giving her a puſh into the middle of the ſtreet, he darted off, and was out of ſight in a moment.

'Look to your pockets;' cried a butcher's boy. She did ſo, and to her no ſmall diſmay perceived that they had been both turned inſide out. Happily a pocket handkerchief and an empty purſe was all ſhe had to loſe; but her ſpirits were ſo much fluttered by the accident, that ſhe was glad to get into a coach, in which ſhe hoped to return loaded with too conſiderable a ſum to truſt to the mercy of another benevolent ſtranger.

Sir Anthony Aldgate was at home; and our heroine, by her own deſire, was con-

ducted into his office, (a little, dismal, dirty looking hole, where every thing wore the appearance of wretchedness and penury.) Here were several young men, of no despicable parentage, no vulgar education, and no mean abilities, destined to pass the flower of their days in summing up pounds, shillings, and pence. But though every new combination increased the owner's wealth, it increased not the comforts of one of his dependents. Sir Anthony himself had no idea of any comfort but that of accumulation; and this place, which had been the scene of his successful negociations, was in his eyes beauteous as the gates of Paradise, and cheerful as the garden of Eden.

Bridgetina, who had never seen the knight but in his dress-suit and tie-wig, was surprised at the appearance he now made, in a scarlet flannel night-cap, and night-gown of green-stuff, lined throughout with crimson flannel. A small black silk handkerchief was tied tightly round his neck, but quite

quite hid from obſervation by the enormous maſs of joller which overhung it. He was ſeated at the deſk when our heroine entered, from which having raiſed his ſmall black eyes, " My couſin Biddy Botherim!" cried he. " Is it poſſible? I am glad to ſee you, my dear. But where is your mother? Up ſtairs with my wife and daughter, I ſuppoſe. Well better go up to them, and I ſhall be with you preſently. Good-bye."

' My buſineſs at preſent is only with you,' rejoined Bridgetina; ' and I muſt requeſt an immediate audience.'

" Buſineſs with me, my dear! and pray what about? I really did not think you knew any thing about buſineſs."

' My buſineſs is of ſome importance,' rejoined Bridgetina; ' I am to inform you that I have immediate uſe for a thouſand pounds, and to requeſt that you will let me have that ſum as ſoon as poſſible.'

" What! are you then really going to be married!" cried Sir Anthony. " I declare

clare I ſhould not have thought of that; but I hope your mother has taken care of the main chance: a good warm man—hey?——"

'I neither wiſh my mother, or any one elſe, to concern themſelves in my affairs,' ſaid Bridgetina; 'and deſire you would put yourſelf to no farther trouble than to make over to me the ſum I mention.'

"Fair and ſoftly, couſin," rejoined Sir Anthony. "Don't you know that my conſent in this buſineſs is abſolutely neceſſary? And do you think that I will give my conſent to any perſon, that does not chooſe to ſettle your fortune upon you and your lawful iſſue?"

'I ſhall have no lawful iſſue,' cried Bridgetina, angrily, 'I hate lawful iſſue, and every thing that is lawful. Perſons of enlightened minds ought not, by giving their ſanction to an odious inſtitution, to retard the progreſs of intellect. I never ſhall marry.'

"No!"

"No!" returned Sir Anthony, archly meaſuring with his little optics the figure of our heroine, "I believe not, my dear, till you get an offer, he, he, he—what, four grapes, Miſs Biddy, hey?"

'Whether I have an offer or not, ſir, is no concern of yours. All you have to do is, to let me have a thouſand pounds of my own fortune, which I can now diſpoſe of in a way that will reflect laſting honour on my name, and effectually operate towards the grand end of life, general utility.'

"A thouſand pounds!" cried Sir Anthony, in amazement. "What d—ned fools theſe people in the country are; they know no more of the price of ſtocks than what's doing in the moon. Time of war, time of peace, loan or no loan, all's the ſame to them. I'd lay ten pounds to a fixpence, thou can'ſt not tell what conſols were done for any time theſe three months; and yet ye would fell out, would ye? A pretty ignoramus, truly! You may thank your ſtars,

ſtars, my dear, that your father left ye in better management. A thouſand pounds, indeed! And pray how would your wiſe head ſpeculate with a thouſand pounds?"

'Your perceptions,' returned Bridgetina, with a contemptuous ſneer, 'your perceptions are too obtuſe to penetrate the ſcope of the grand deſign in which I am about to engage. The virtues of the philoſophers of Africa, with whom I intend ſhortly to aſſociate, are too ſublime for the comprehenſion of a vulgar mind. The——'

"What! going to ſpeculate in Sierra-Leona ſhares, Miſs Wiſehead, are ye? But, what, indeed, poor thing, ſhould you know of ſuch matters? Be thankful, again I tell you, be thankful that your father wiſely put you into better hands. No man upon 'Change can tax me with having ever loſt a farthing upon idle ſpeculation. I remember in the year ſixty-ſeven—no, I believe it was in the year ſixty-nine—aye, now I think of it, it was in ſixty-nine, for

it

it was the very day after Mr. Alderman Pruen gave his grand feaſt on being elected to the ward of ——; I remember it well; the turtle-ſoup was the very beſt I ever ate in my life. I ſay it was in the year ſixty-nine, juſt as—"

Here Bridgetina made an attempt to interrupt the knight, but in vain; he thus proceeded:

"You ſhall hear—you ſhall hear—I hate to be tedious. Juſt, I ſay, as I turned the corner of 'Change-alley, who ſhould come up to me but Mr. Peter Purdy, brother to Purdy of Yarmouth, the great ſpeculator in whale-blubber. He was a Scotchman; ſo was Peter. Aye, aye; they were both Scotchmen; a ſhrewd fellow, I warrant ye. Thought to take me in! But you ſhall hear. As I was ſaying, juſt as I turned the corner of 'Change-alley, up comes Peter. Now you muſt know, ſtocks had been done for $87\frac{3}{4}$ for the January account. I was then a bull

—I

—I remember it well—Nib of Bartholomew-lane was a lame duck, and Tom—"

'I never concern myſelf with any body's ducks,' cried Bridgetina, impatiently, 'I leave the care of the poultry entirely to my mother, and to her you may talk of ſuch matters with propriety; but my energies are directed to nobler objects. Unhappy ſtate of civiliſation! Odious laws, that put it in a man's power to ſecure his property to his children! If it had not been for them, my fortune ſhould have been, ere now, diſſeminated in a direction, which—'

"Aye, aye, you may thank your father's will for having one ſhilling to rub againſt another, I ſee that. It would all have gone elſe to ſharpers and ſwindlers. Your father did well in conſulting me; did he not? But, indeed, my couſin Botherim was a man of ſenſe: he never took any ſtep without conſulting me. Who, do you think, adviſed his marriage with your mother? Ah! it was an excellent ſpeculation! Six

thouſand

thouſand pounds for a young curate, whoſe whole ſtock lay in the Greek and Latin funds, was no bad job, let me tell ye. I knew how old Paſty would cut up. There was not a better frequented cook-ſhop in London than his. No one made better vermicelli ſoup. I well remember going there once with old Drugget, of Lombard-ſtreet, father to Drugget of the Borough; he was partner to Bingley the broker, and did a monſtrous deal of buſineſs. As I was ſaying, we went one day to old Paſty's, your grandfather's—"

'What is my grandfather to me?' cried Bridgetina; 'an illiterate drudge, whoſe energies were all directed to the ſordid purpoſes of accumulation. I once for all deſire to have a categorical anſwer. Will you, or will you not, let me have a thouſand pounds of my fortune to diſpoſe of at my own pleaſure?'

"A thouſand pounds! no, nor a thouſand pence neither; no, nor a ſingle ſhilling, while

while you remain a ſpinſter, on any pretence whatever; ſo there's your anſwer, Miſs: will that pleaſe you?"

'No it does not pleaſe me! but what can be expected in a ſtate of ſociety ſo depraved, ſo—'

"God help the fooliſh girl, how ſhe talks! Prythee, my dear, where didſt thou pick up all this jargon? This is all along of them there fooliſh books your mother ſuffers you to read. If I ever caught my daughter ſo much as opening a book, it ſhould be the deareſt day ſhe ever ſaw. But ſhe is better taught, I promiſe ye; I don't believe ſhe has looked in one ſince ſhe came from ſchool; don't know how ſhe ſhould, for not a book has ever been within theſe doors, but the Book of Common Prayer, and old Robin's almanack. Truſt me for that. I know better what to do with my money."

'If you perſiſt in refuſing my requeſt of the thouſand pounds, I hope at leaſt you will

will not deny me the trifling ſum of twenty guineas for immediate neceſſaries.'

" What! your laſt dividend all gone already? It is ſhameful extravagance. I ſhall not encourage ſuch profuſion, ſuch a ſquandering of property; at a time too, when it might be laid out to ſuch advantage! It is monſtrous! I tell you, I ſhall not encourage it. Want money to buy books, I ſuppoſe—do ye? Is that the way you have ſpent all that I paid you in Auguſt?"

' Yes, man of narrow mind! That ſum, which would have been ſpent in uſeleſs luxury by a weak, or vilely hoarded by an ignoble ſpirit, was by me beſtowed to promote the grand object of general utility.'

" General Fiddleſtick!" exclaimed Sir Anthony.

Bridgetina, without noticing the interruption, went on. " It was given to the enlightened Citizen Glib, to enable him to import from France ſeveral valuable treatiſes on philoſophy and atheiſm.'

" Philoſophy

"Philoſophy and atheiſm!" repeated Sir Anthony in a fury. "Hell and confuſion! who ever heard the like of this? What has made the ſtocks fall forty per cent., but philoſophy and atheiſm? What has raiſed the price of inſurance, and burthened the the nation with ſuch a load of new taxes, but philoſophy and atheiſm? Tell me that? Why have we raiſed ſuch an army, aye and ſuch a navy too, but to keep theſe vile French principles out of the kingdom? And yet this here idle girl, this fool, this little viper, ſhall be the means of importing, in a box four feet ſquare, all the principles that it has coſt us ſo many millions of money, and ſo many hundred thouſand lives, to keep out of the kingdom! Away, I ſay, and never ſee my face. I would inform on you for a farthing. Was it not for my couſin Botherim's memory, I ſhould give you lodgings you little think of; but you ſhall have no harbour here, d'ye mind me!

Never again darken my doors, I deſire you. Never come here again on ſuch an errand."

'Wretched mortal!' cried Bridgetina, 'how deplorable is thy ignorance! Yet,' continued ſhe, in a tone that ſufficiently indicated the violence ſhe did in ſuppreſſing her reſentment, 'yet thou haſt energies, which, if properly directed, might produce glorious effects. Think not, however, by thy intemperance to intimidate me. He that would adorn himſelf with the moſt elevated qualities of a human being, ought to come prepared for encountering obloquy and miſrepreſentation. When thou art willing to liſten to information, I ſhall be happy to inſtruct thee; till then I take my leave.' So ſaying, ſhe tottered in great agitation to the coach, while the knight returned to his ſeat with an intention of communicating to Mrs. Botherim a full account of the behaviour of her daughter, with a ſevere cenſure upon herſelf for permitting it.

Bridgetina,

Bridgetina, having given the coachman orders to drive to Conduit-ſtreet, pulled up the glaſſes, and throwing herſelf into a corner of the coach, gave way to a burſt of paſſion, which was the more violent for having been ſo long ſuppreſſed.

Anger and diſappointment ſo entirely occupied her mind, that the door was opened for her at Mrs. Benton's, before ſhe recollected that ſhe had not any means of paying the coachman. Her embarraſſment was ſoon removed by her good-natured landlady; to whom, though ſhe was already indebted more than Mrs. Benton's ſlender finances could bear without inconvenience, ſhe did not ſcruple to owe a ſtill farther obligation.

The idea of ſeeing Henry Sydney in the evening ſoon baniſhed every diſagreeable impreſſion from her mind. Now, at length, ſhe was to have an opportunity of combating all his objections; now ſhe ſhould have the glory of arguing him into love. A ſpeech which had long been conned,

twice

twice written over in a fair hand, and thirteen times repeated in private, was now to prove its efficacy.

It was taken from her pocket; the heads again run over; and for the help of memory, in caſe of interruption, a ſort of index taken of the contents, which ſhe thus read aloud, while the maid cleared the table after dinner. *Moral ſenſibility, thinking ſenſibility, importunate ſenſibility, mental ſenſation, pernicious ſtate of protracted and uncertain feeling; congenial ſympathy, congenial ſentiment, congenial ardour; delicious emotions, melancholy emotions, frenzied emotions; tender feeling, energetic feeling, ſublimiſed feeling; the germ, the bud, and the full-grown fruits of general utility; &c. &c.** "Yes!" cried ſhe, in ecſtacy, when

* Note for the benefit of Novel-writers.—We here generouſly preſent the fair manufacturers in this line with this ſet of phraſes, which, if carefully mixed up with a handful of ſtory, a pretty quantity of moonſhine, an old houſe of any kind, ſo that it be in ſufficient decay, and well tenanted with bats and owls, and

ſhe

ſhe had finiſhed the contents, "this will do! Here is argument irreſiſtible; here is a ſeries of calculations, enough to pour conviction on the moſt incredulous mind. Henry overcome ſhall cry—Bridgetina, thou haſt conquered!"

'*Let not him that girdeth on his armour, boaſt as he throweth it off*;' ſaid a wiſe king of Iſrael. The victory was not quite ſo deciſive on the ſide of Bridgetina, as ſhe expected. The prejudices of Henry were invincible. Inſtead of acknowledging the force of her arguments, he laughed at their abſurdity. What ſhe called the ſublime deductions of recondite and abſtract truth, he termed the pernicious deluſions of ſophiſtry; and ſo perverſely erroneous were his ſentiments, that inſtead of admiring the contempt of chaſtity as an exalted proof of female heroiſm and virtue, he perſiſted

two or three ghoſts, will make a couple of very neat volumes. Or ſhould the ſentimental be preferred to the deſcriptive, it is only leaving out the ghoſts, bats, owls, and moonlight, and the above phraſes will ſeaſon any tender tale to taſte.

in reprobating the principles that could lead to ſuch an idea, as deſtructive of the peace, the happineſs, and the well-being of ſociety.

Bridgetina, having gone twice round the circle of her arguments, was at length compelled to give an unwilling hearing to thoſe of Henry. He began by aſſuring her of his friendſhip, and as the beſt proof he could give her of his good wiſhes for her happineſs, pointed out to her in the ſtrongeſt terms the conſequences of her preſent conduct; and earneſtly urged the neceſſity of her immediate return to W——, as the only means of ſaving her from mortification and misfortune. He had at firſt laughed very heartily at her ſtrange notion of his being in love with Mrs. Fielding; but apprehenſive leſt the old lady ſhould be hurt by a hint of any thing ſo ridiculous, he took ſome pains to convince Bridgetina of her miſtake as to the object of his paſſion; at the ſame time declaring, that though

delicacy

delicacy prevented him from mentioning the name of her who poſſeſſed his affections, they were for ever fixed.

" Who can promiſe for ever?" cried Bridgetina. " Are not the opinions of a perfectible being for ever changing? You do not at preſent ſee my preferableneſs, but you may not be always blind to a truth ſo obvious. How can I believe it compatible with the nature of mind, that ſo many ſtrong and reiterated efforts ſhall be productive of no effect? Know, therefore, Dr. Sydney, it is my fixed purpoſe to perſevere. I ſhall talk, I ſhall write, I ſhall argue, I ſhall purſue you; and if I have the glory of becoming a moral martyr, I ſhall rejoice that it is in the cauſe of general utility."

' If you are reſolved to be a martyr to your own folly, Miſs Botherim,' ſaid Henry, riſing, ' I am determined your friends ſhall not have me to blame in the buſineſs. I ſolemnly aſſure you, that this is the laſt time I ſhall ever ſpeak to you, unleſs you

ſhew

ſhew by your immediate return to W——, that you have recovered a ſenſe of what you owe to yourſelf and to your ſex. Good night.'

Bridgetina called after him in the ſoft tone of perſuaſion, but in vain. The hard-hearted youth hurried down ſtairs, and opening the ſtreet-door for himſelf, was out of hearing in a moment.

To paint the feelings of our heroine, on the abrupt departure of her beloved ſwain, is a taſk leſs ſuited to the pen than the imagination. To the imagination of our readers we ſhall therefore leave it; and content ourſelves with obſerving, that as it is one of the prime advantages of *ſyſtem* to be able to twiſt, and turn, and conſtrue every thing to its own advantage, defeat produces as potent a ſtimulus to perſeverance as victory.

The three following days were employed by Bridgetina in the compoſition of a letter, which ſhe determined ſhould be a maſter-

piece

piece of fine writing. It was, indeed, the very eſſence of philoſophy, and the flower of eloquence. The ſtyle was ſublime and energetic, adorned in every ſentence by ſtrings of double and treble epithets, and all the new-coined noun-verbs and verb-nouns, that have of late ſo much enriched the Engliſh language. As to the arguments, the reader muſt have formed a very inadequate idea of Bridgetina's powers, if he does not believe them to be unanſwerable. After having carefully taken a copy, which ſhe reſolved ſhould on ſome future day be generouſly preſented to the public, ſhe conſigned the letter to the care of Jenny, with inſtructions to give it into Henry's own hand, and diligently to obſerve the expreſſion of his countenance while he peruſed it.

The twenty minutes of Jenny's abſence appeared an age to Bridgetina. She took her ſtation at the window, and at length had the happineſs of ſeeing her meſſenger

of

of love appear, loaded to her wiſh, with a packet ſtill larger than her own. "He has written! He has written!" cried ſhe in an ecſtacy. "He has at length deigned to enter into a diſcuſſion on the important truths it has been my glory to promulgate. My *powers* ſhall be again called forth in an anſwer. Our correſpondence ſhall be printed. It ſhall be publiſhed. It ſhall be called *The Sweet Senſations of Senſibility, or the Force of Argument.* But here ſhe comes. Give me the letter. But before I open it, let me know how he received mine? I ſee by this it muſt have arrived in a moment of impreſſion. Did he not kiſs the ſeal? Did he not in trembling ecſtacy preſs it to his throbbing boſom? Tell me, tell me all, I conjure you."

'He did not kiſs a bit of it, that I ſaw, Ma'am,' returned Jenny. 'only took it out of my hand, and ſaid Pſhaw!'

"Pſhaw! What does Pſhaw ſignify? What is its etymology? From whence its derivation?

derivation? I muſt look to the dictionary. But did you mark his looks as he peruſed the important pages? Did you obſerve where he changed colour, where he appeared ſtruck with admiration, and where thrilled with delight?"

'I could ſee nothing of all which you ſays, Ma'am; for though I told him as how that you deſired me to ſee him pruſe it, he he only ſaid Phoh! and walked into his cloſet.'

"Charming delicacy! But here, here it is that I ſhall view the portrait of his ſoul. Here the high-wrought frenzied emotions of his boſom are doubtleſs pourtrayed. Here——"

'Bleſs me, Ma'am, how pale you look! Aye, that is the very letter I carried to the gentleman, ſure enough. The ſeal not ſo much as broken! I'll be bound he never read a word on't. Well now, I wow I never ſaw a more ungenteeler thing done in all my life; and if I was you, Ma'am, (thof

to

to be ſure, you muſt know beſt) but I ſhould ha' my fingers burnt before I ſhould write another ſullebul to ſuch a grumpiſh ſort of a gentleman.'

" My epiſtle of fourteen pages, my precious eſſay on philoſophy and love, returned without a peruſal—returned in a blank cover! O hideous perverſion of intellect! O prejudices, obſtinate and invincible! Has he no ſenſe of juſtice, no ſenſe of the duty he owes ſociety, that he thus deprives of her uſefulneſs one of its moſt valuable members! O Jenny, Jenny! I can energize no longer. The freezing froſt of frigid apathy chills my powers. The morbid exceſs of a diſtempered imagination choaks the germ of general utility! I ſhall become a wanderer in the barren wilderneſs of ſociety, an uſeleſs plant in the populous deſart of human life! Leave me, leave me to myſelf, that I may in apt ſoliloquy give vent to the palpitating perturbation of my woe-ſtruck fancy!"

' Good

"Good la! what a power o' fine words you ha, Ma'am, juſt at your fingers' ends too, as a body may ſay. I never did hear ſo fine-a-ſpoken lady in all my life. But, well-a-day! the men care no more for a woman's words, if ſo be as how that ſhe happens to be a little ordinary or ſo, than for the ſqueaking of a pig. But I would deſpiſe the fellors, ſo I would—and ſo I does. I wallors not e'er a man in the world the wallor of a ruſh!

Bridgetina again ſignified her pleaſure to be left alone; and Jenny, not a little pleaſed with having been ſo far admitted to her confidence, haſtened to diſburthen herſelf of all ſhe knew of the late tranſaction to the very firſt perſon that would give her the hearing.

While Bridgetina was eloquently bemoaning the indignant treatment of her letter in the drawing-room, and Jenny expatiating on the ſame ſubject (though, perhaps, in terms not exactly ſimilar) in the kitchen;

kitchen; the whole ſoul of Henry was entirely occupied, not with Bridgetina, nor with her love, nor with her letter, but with the contents of one he had juſt received from his father; and in the peruſal of which he had been interrupted by Miſs Botherim's meſſenger. The old gentleman's epiſtle was as follows:—

" *My dear Henry,*

" It would he ſuperfluous to dwell upon the pleaſure your letters have afforded to thoſe moſt dearly intereſted in your happineſs. Though far from conſidering fortune as the " one thing needful," the excluſive object of purſuit, I cannot but with thankfulneſs contemplate your opening proſpects of honourable independence. May the Giver of all good beſtow upon you *a heart to enjoy*, a mind ſuperior to the reſtleſſneſs of ambition, and ſtranger to the gnawings of diſcontent. For the attainment of theſe happy diſpoſitions, without

which

which increaſe of fortune is but increaſe of ſorrow, I know no better means (next to an habitual dependence on the Divine favour) than the purſuit of ſcience, particularly thoſe branches of it that are moſt intimately connected with your profeſſion.

" I am delighted with the ſucceſs of your chemical experiments, and ſtill more highly ſatisfied with the ingenuous frankneſs you diſplay in ſo candidly acknowledging your former errors. But ſuch muſt ever be the conſequence of directing our reſearches, not into the wild and fruitleſs regions of idle ſpeculation, where the chimeras of fancy are miſtaken for realities, and bold conjecture aſſumes the authoritative tone of truth; but into thoſe laws of nature that, by being objects of ſenſe, and ſubject to the inveſtigation of experiment, are within the graſp of our limited and feeble minds.

" Such ſpeculations have, indeed, a direct tendency to influence the moral cha-

racter

racter of man. It is this that ſtamps them with their real value? for to whatever height we aſcend in tracing the cauſes which regulate the ſyſtem of the world, our views muſt at laſt terminate in an uncauſed Being, in whom all the beauty and order, all the wiſdom and power, diſplayed throughout the univerſe, are centered. 'When we look around us,' ſays an amiable philoſopher, in the concluſion of a volume that preſented a valuable diſcovery to the world; 'When we look around us, we perceive that every part of the material world is governed by general laws; and when we reflect that in this vaſt ſyſtem of things a race of beings exiſts, to whom the Deity has communicated a portion of his intelligence and activity, we cannot avoid concluding, that laws muſt have been ordained for the government of ſuch beings as well as for that of all other parts of the univerſe.'*

* Treatiſe on Animal Heat and Combuſtion. By Adair Crawford, M. D.

"Thus

"Thus does the ſtudy of Nature lead us up to Nature's God. Thus does the material world itſelf give evidence to the probability of a revelation; and to thoſe whoſe minds have been expanded by the contemplation of the union of grandeur and ſimplicity in the works of creation, it muſt be peculiarly delightful to obſerve the ſame union of grandeur and ſimplicity characteriſing the goſpel of JESUS CHRIST.

"Yes, my ſon, believe me, the more you ſtudy the life and precepts of our Great Maſter, the more forcibly will you be ſtruck with the congruity at which I have already hinted. But, alas! as in the infancy of natural philoſophy the ill-directed diligence of the chemiſt was waſted upon trifles, while the grand laws of nature were unnoticed and unknown; ſo in the Chriſtian world, has the zeal of believers been more ſtrenuouſly exerted in the ſupport of non-important forms and dogmas, than in the promulgation of thoſe grand and ſimple

truths which are marked with the ſignet of Nature's God.

"I need not apologize to you, my dear Harry, for being led into a ſubject which, though the moſt important as well as the moſt exalted of which human beings can treat, it is, I know, deemed a breach of politeneſs to hint at even to a friend; but ſhall confeſs, that the impreſſion made upon my mind by the converſation I held with Captain Delmond, on his death-bed, has given an unuſual degree of ſolemnity to the train of my ideas. Indeed the miſfortunes of that unhappy family, as well as the miſery that has overtaken ſome others of this place, ſo evidently originate in falſe impreſſions received of religion as a gloomy and illiberal ſyſtem of ſuperſtition, that I cannot ceaſe from deploring the neglect of early information on this important point, as the foundation of thoſe miſtaken prejudices that are fraught with conſequences ſo fatal to the happineſs of ſociety. "While

" While Captain Delmond was taught to idolize the name of *honour* as the palladium of human virtue, religion was preſented to his mind as a mean and inferior principle, incapable of inſpiring noble ſentiments in the ſoul of a gentleman. Had not the avenues to inveſtigation been thus pre-occupied by prejudice, he would have diſcovered that *honour*, which is nothing more than a nice ſuſceptibility to the cenſure or applauſe of mankind, is neither ſo grand in its views, ſo extenſive in its operation, nor ſo noble in its object, as that principle which teaches the heart to appeal for its purity and integrity, not to the purblind judgment of our fellow-mortals, but to a Being of infinite purity and perfection. While performing a part on the buſy ſtage of life, Captain Delmond found honour competent to the purpoſe of gaining him the flattering approbation of the multitude, which was reverberated by ſelf-applauſe; but when he propoſed it as the

ſole

ſole principle of action to his daughter, when he deprived her mind of the ſupporting aid of religion, and deſired her to conſider the intrinſic excellence of virtue as its own ſure and only reward, he was not aware how liable ſhe was to be taught by ſophiſtry a definition of virtue very oppoſite to his. Had a proper value for the morality of the Goſpel, enhanced by its gracious promiſes and elevated views, been inſtilled into her tender mind, his child, his darling Julia, would not have brought the grey hairs of her father with ſorrow to the grave.

"The remains of this unhappy gentleman were yeſterday conſigned to their parent duſt in military ſtate; and with a degree of magnificence, an oſtentatious parade of pomp and grandeur, that, in my opinion, was ill-ſuited to the occaſion. After the concluſion of the ceremony, General Villers and a Major Minden, (a man of large fortune, who, it ſeems, had made

made propoſals to Miſs Delmond) politely waited on the poor forlorn and diſconſolate widow, and took their leave of her in terms of the moſt courtly civility. I expected that the General, who was no ſtranger to the poverty to which ſhe was reduced, would have come forward with ſome generous offer of pecuniary aſſiſtance. But no: the General's generoſity was completely expended in producing the parade of half an hour's proceſſion; and I greatly queſtion, whether he ever does Mrs. Delmond the honour of another viſit.

"After the departure of theſe great gentlemen, I was called out of the room by Quinten, the Captain's old domeſtic, on whoſe face was painted the ſincerity of ſorrow. He beckoned me into the back parlour, and having once or twice, with a ſtroke of his hard hand, driven away the tears that fell upon his furrowed cheek, 'I thought, ſir,' ſaid he, when I ſaw the lid of the coffin ſcrewed down upon my good maſter,

maſter, that I had lived too long. When I heard the hammer knock upon the laſt nail, my heart ſo ſunk at every ſtroke, it made a coward of me; and I ſhould have been glad to have ſkulked to the quiet garriſon of death! But then, when I thought on my poor Miſtreſs, and remembered how my poor dear maſter loved her, I ſcorned to be ſo cowardly as to deſert my poſt, when, by fighting with life a little longer, I might ſave her from being ſtormed by want. I know all I can do is but a trifle—a nothing, as a body may ſay, to folks that are any way above the world, but it may be of uſe to her for all that; and ſo, as I hear you are going to look into my maſter's papers, and to ſee what can be made out for my poor miſtreſs, I thought it beſt to tell you to take my penſion into the account.'

"Your penſion, Quinten! and what do you reſerve for yourſelf?"

'Nothing but what I can earn by my own labour. Thank God, I am not yet paſt

paſt working! You ſee how well I have dreſſed the Captain's garden. It was I that made that pretty ſerpentine walk for Miſs Julia, and planted all them flowers, of which ſhe uſed to be ſo fond. Alas! that I ſhould ever live to ſee the day of her deſerting them! Oh, who would have thought it! ſuch a pretty creature as ſhe was, and ſo mild ſpoken, and ſo good to every body, that ſhe ſhould after all go for to break her father's heart!'

"Well, but honeſt Quinten, you do not conſider that you are now in the decline of life, and cannot long be able to labour as you have done."

'I know it, ſir. I am growing old apace; but Sam Smith, the old gardener at Benſfield, is ten years older than I am, and he ſtill keeps his place. I am a ſtouter man than he at any time. And ſo, d'ye ſee, I am determined not to touch a farthing of this here Chelſea penſion, while I am able to lift a ſpade. Did not I get it by the good word

word of my maſter; and who, then, has ſo good a right to it as his widow? Here are twelve guineas beſides, which I humbly beg you will fall on ſome means to make her accept; for I know ſhe would not touch it, if ſhe thought it came from me. So pray don't let her know who ſent it; for folks in affliction ought to be mighty tenderly dealt with, ſo as not to hurt their pride—*feelings*, I believe, my young miſtreſs would have called it, but I am not learned enough to know the difference.'

"Honeſt, worthy Quinten!" cried I, graſping his hand, "thou haſt a heart that doth honour to thy ſpecies, and principles that are more eſtimable than all the learning in the world. At a period when neither talents nor learning ſhall avail, thy gratitude and thy virtues ſhall exalt thee to glory!" I was ſo ſtruck by the nobleneſs of this poor fellow's behaviour, that I could not avoid giving you the converſation in detail. I ſhall be more brief with regard

gard to what followed, though for the honour of your friend I ought there likewiſe to be particular.

"On examining the books and papers of the deceaſed, it appeared, that all which remained to the widow was the houſe and furniture, and twenty-five pounds a year from an annuity-aſſociation of which her huſband had been a member. I had planned an application to Mrs. Fielding for doubling this ſum, when Mr. Churchill generouſly ſtepped forward, and with a delicacy that enhanced the merit of his generoſity, declared, that though the tranſaction did not appear in any of the Captain's papers, he was truſtee for an annuity of one hundred pounds to Mrs. Delmond, which, as long as ſhe remained a widow, ſhould be regularly paid at the terms of Lady-Day and Michaelmas.

"I know how you will rejoice in the noble conduct of your friend, but I believe I ſhould have left the deſcription of it to your

your ſiſter, whoſe lively ſenſibility to all that is great and excellent would have done that juſtice to the ſubject of which my tired pen is now incapable. From her own lips, however, you will ſhortly have an opportunity of receiving it; and I do not think ſhe will ſuffer any circumſtance that attended it, to loſe in the recital.

"Sadly ſhall I feel the dear girl's abſence, whoſe company is the ſolace of my heart. The ſweetneſs of her temper, the harmonious cheerfulneſs of her diſpoſition, might ſoften the rugged breaſt of a tyrant, and ſoothe the moſt boiſterous paſſions into peace; to me they are enhanced by a mind of quick intelligence, whoſe cultivation has been the ſweeteſt and the eaſieſt taſk of my whole life. I muſt, however, carefully conceal from her the pain her abſence will occaſion me; as otherwiſe I know all the pleaſure Mrs. Fielding has prepared for her would be deſtroyed. She and her friend Miſs Orwell are now buſily employed

ployed in preparing for their purpoſed expedition, to which they look forward with the happy ardour of juvenile expectation. The kind conſideration of Mrs. Fielding, in inviting Miſs Orwell to partake with Maria in the ſcenes of novelty and amuſement, where their reciprocal feelings of ſurpriſe and pleaſure muſt enhance their mutual delight, is a new proof of the goodneſs of her heart. Harriet does not, however, expreſs her reliſh for the journey in the ſame manner as Maria. The emotion with which ſhe now ſpeaks of it, is leſs gay, and apparently more conſtrained. When firſt informed that her father had given his conſent to her acceptance of Mrs. Fielding's invitation, ſhe indeed appeared agitated in a greater degree than I ſhould have expected from a girl of her underſtanding; but that, I ſuppoſe, was from the mere love of novelty, a charm that never fails to operate ſtrongly on the youthful breaſt. This day fortnight is fixed

fixed on for the day of their departure; Dr. Orwell is himſelf to be their eſcort, and Mr. Churchill likewiſe purpoſes being of the party; Mrs. Botherim has delayed her journey, in order to have their company upon the road, ſo that they will fill two chaiſes, and if no accident interpoſe, have the promiſe of a pleaſant journey.

"Meantime I ſhall be left to the enjoyment of my own reflections; but, thank God, theſe are not diſagreeable companions. I can look upon the paſt with comfort, and to the future without diſmay.

In the happineſs of my children I am more than happy. Oh, may this deareſt of all felicities be my companion and my ſolace through all the ſhort ſpace that now remains for me to tread! May they never cauſe me a ſigh of ſorrow, as, thanks to Heaven, they have never tinged my cheeks with the bluſh of anger or of ſhame. God bleſs thee, my dear Harry, prays your tenderly affectionate father,

"H. SYDNEY."

"P. S. I find I have committed a ſad blunder, in telling you of the intended journey to London. It was to have been a ſecret, it ſeems; and much pleaſure did the girls promiſe themſelves in your ſurpriſe. It is in vain I preach to Maria about the ſin it would be to deprive you of the pleaſure of anticipation, which, alas! makes up ſuch a mighty part of the ſmall ſum of human happineſs. They inſiſt upon my writing the laſt part of my letter over again, but my fingers are already cramped, ſo it muſt go; and when you read it, you may go to your glaſs, and tell them how you looked when you ſee them; for it is their curioſity as to this important point, that I now find to be their reaſon for ſecreſy. God help them! poor things!

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"——— He was a ſhrewd philoſopher,
"And had read every text and gloſs over;
"Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath,
"He underſtood b' implicit faith.
"All which he underſtood by rote,
"And as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote."

BUTLER.

"HARRIET Orwell coming up to town by invitation from Mrs. Fielding!" exclaimed Henry. "How extraordinary! Is it in order to gratify my wiſhes, or to try my prudence, that ſhe at this juncture brings her to London? No matter which; I ſhall ſee my Harriet; I ſhall hear her ſweet voice; I ſhall have the delight of being near her almoſt continually. Dear Mrs. Fielding, how I bleſs thee!" In the midſt of this delirium of pleaſure,

pleaſure, Henry was interrupted by the arrival of Miſs Botherim's letter. Of the manner of its reception it is unneceſſary to repeat the particulars, as they have already been given ſo minutely by Jenny, whoſe faithful report of all that fell from Henry's lips upon the occaſion, juſtly entitles her to our applauſe. No ſooner had he re-delivered the important packet into the hands of Bridgetina's meſſenger, than he ſtept to Mrs. Fielding's on pretence of informing her of the contents of his father's letter, but in reality to endeavour to penetrate into her motives for inviting Miſs Orwell to accompany his ſiſter to London. In vain did he watch her countenance, while ſhe peruſed that part of the epiſtle which had cauſed him ſuch extreme emotion; he only ſaw it lighted up with a benignant ſmile. "How much is Maria, how much are we all indebted to your goodneſs!" cried he; "How happy have you made me—I—mean, how—"

'You

'You mean, I ſuppoſe, that it was good-natured of me to provide your ſiſter with a companion, that ſhe might not be altogether confined to the ſociety of an old woman, whom you know from experience to be ſufficiently tireſome. You ſee how well I can explain for you.'

"The ſociety of Mrs. Fielding muſt ever——"

'Be ſuperior in your opinion to that of a young and pretty girl, I ſuppoſe; but as Maria may be of a different way of thinking, I imagined a companion of her own age would be no diſagreeable circumſtance to her; and as I wiſhed to pay my old acquaintance, Dr. Orwell, a compliment, I thought I could not do it at an eaſier rate than by inviting his daughter to ſpend a few weeks in London. But pray, who is this Mr. Churchill? He ſeems a character that is worth the knowing, and I muſt deſire you would introduce him to me whenever he comes to town.'

"I ſhall

"I ſhall have a pride in preſenting him to you as my earlieſt and deareſt friend; and one I can, with confidence, pronounce worthy of the honour of your acquaintance."

'Does he reſide at W——?'

"He was brought up by a rich uncle, whoſe eſtate ſurrounds the village, but who was ſuch a miſer, that, though Churchill was his only near relation, and a deſerved favourite, he could hardly be prevailed upon to afford him the education of a gentleman. My friend's genius was rather ſtimulated than repreſſed by the obſtacles which his uncle's avarice threw in the way of his improvement. His intimacy with me brought him frequently to our houſe, where his thirſt after knowledge was encouraged and gratified by the leſſons of my father. The expences attending an univerſity education would for ever have deterred the old gentleman from permitting him to proſecute his ſtudies in a profeſſional manner, had it not fortunately

occurred to him, that by having a lawyer in his own family, he might gratify his love of litigation without the expence of a fee."

'Admirably calculated! He took care, I preſume, that the young gentleman's ſtudies ſhould not be interrupted by thoſe ingenious contrivances for getting rid of ſuperfluous caſh, that occupy ſo much of the time and talents of our young gentlemen of faſhion at the univerſity!'

"Alas, poor Charles! His ingenuity was, indeed, very differently employed. His moſt rigid economy was neceſſary to preſerve the appearance of a gentleman; and the purchaſe of books, and attending lectures on ſuch ſubjects of literature or ſcience as were not immediately connected with his profeſſion, was all ſtolen from his ſlender allowance of pocket-money. Yet theſe circumſtances, then conſidered as ſo mortifying, he now regards as fortunate. But for theſe he might have been drawn into the vortex of diſſipation, and in the wild

wild career of pleaſure have loſt his taſte for ſcience, and regard to virtue."

'Too truly obſerved,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding; 'and in my opinion the abundance of pocket-money, with which every ſchool-boy is now furniſhed, has done as much towards the rapid progreſs of depravity, as any circumſtance whatever. I hope your friend's ſucceſs at the bar has been equal to his merit.'

"It has at leaſt far exceeded his moſt ſanguine expectations," returned Henry. "But the honour that has accrued to him from undertaking the cauſe of a helpleſs family, who, but for his generous aid, might have periſhed in obſcurity and want, has deſervedly raiſed his reputation to celebrity. Indeed his whole conduct has given an ample proof, that the profeſſion of the law is not neceſſarily a narrower of the human heart."

'Narrow and illiberal muſt be his heart, that can ſo pronounce of it,' returned Mrs. Fielding.

Fielding. 'It is, like other profeſſions, open to men of unprincipled as well as of virtuous minds; and the ſelfiſh paſſions have there, perhaps, as wide a field for their operation as in any other. But, thank Heaven, we need not go to the records of former ages for illuſtrious inſtances of lawyers, whoſe eminent talents have been more than equalled by their exalted virtues.'

Henry again endeavoured to turn the converſation to the ſubject that engroſſed his thoughts, but in vain. He could not obtain from Mrs. Fielding the ſmalleſt ſatisfaction relative to Miſs Orwell's viſit: ſhe ſo ſedulouſly avoided coming to any explanation, that he left her without being able in the leaſt degree to penetrate her intentions.

Leaving Henry to purſue

> "The idle phantaſies of love,
> "Whoſe miſeries delight,"

we return to Bridgetina. Her abſtract reaſoning and moſt profound reflections on the

the unenlightened conduct of her lover received a very unſeaſonable interruption from Mrs. Benton. That good woman, after a modeſt preface of many apologies for the liberty ſhe was compelled to take, preſented her an account of the ſum due for a fortnight's lodging, which, together with what had been diſburſed for other neceſſaries, amounted to ſeven guineas.

"Seven guineas!" ſaid Bridgetina; "it is an unnatural ſtate of civilization, in which ſeven guineas can be ſpent ſo ſoon. But my mind cannot at preſent deſcend to the vulgar concerns of common life. You may leave your bill, however; and when the preſent romantic, high-wrought, frenzied emotions of my perturbed ſpirit have a little ſubſided, I ſhall enter into an examination of the contents."

'I am extremely ſorry to diſturb you, Madam,' returned Mrs. Benton; 'but ſhall be really much obliged to you, if you can poſſibly make it convenient to ſettle it at preſent.

preſent. I make a point of paying all our trades-people ſo regularly, that I ſhall be quite diſtreſſed at not being able to diſcharge the butcher's bill; and he is to return for the money in the evening.'

" Regularity," rejoined Bridgetina, " is a characteriſtic of common honeſty, that *non-conductor to all the ſympathies of the human heart;* that *infallible proof of mediocrity, to which it is impoſſible that any thing great, magnanimous, or ardent can be allied.** Punctuality in the diſcharge of one's debts is held in deſerved contempt by the illuſtrious and eccentric part of mankind; in whoſe eyes common honeſty is a nuiſance, reprobated and abhorred."

' It is, indeed, as you ſay, Ma'am, but common honeſty to pay one's debts; and too often is it neglected by thoſe who ought to ſet a better example. Oh, if my daughters and I were but regularly paid for our embroidery by the fine ladies for

* See Enquirer.

whom

whom we work, we ſhould then be but too happy, for we ſhould then have nothing to care for. But great folks do not know the degree of miſery they often inflict by their careleſſneſs; they are too highly exalted out of the ſphere (as one may ſay) of their fellow-creatures, to caſt a thought upon the difficulties of thoſe who are to earn their bread by labour. I myſelf know ladies who never refuſe to open their purſes to charity; but who, if they had paid their tradeſmen punctually, might have preſerved ſome honeſt families from ruin!"

"*Want of punctuality has for time immemorial ſupplied materials for invective againſt great and extraordinary characters*,"* returned Bridgetina. "It is, as I ſaid before, a breach of common honeſty; and greatly is it to be regretted, that common honeſty ſhould ſo long have gained the applauſe of an injudicious world. But when mankind ſhall have been ſufficiently enlightened by

* See Enquirer.

philoſophy,

philoſophy, utterly to diſcard the ignoble prejudices of religion, regard to common honeſty will ceaſe. Bleſſed æra! when a fair character ſhall be no longer deemed eſſential! When promiſes ſhall be no longer binding! And when men who have *practically proved themſelves the peſts and enemies of their ſpecies*, ſhall be eſtimated according to their energies; and for acts, which would, in the preſent diſtempered ſtate of civilization, be deemed worthy of the gallows, receive the applauſe due to their *eminent talents and uncommon generoſity!*"

'I cannot expreſs myſelf ſo finely as you do, Ma'am, but I believe what you obſerve is very juſt; that though morals are badly enough attended to at preſent, GOD knows, yet if religion were baniſhed from the world, (which Heaven forbid!) it would be far worſe!' Again laying the bill before Bridgetina on the table, ſhe begged her to peruſe it at her leiſure, and

after

after making a ſecond apology for her intruſion, left the room.

"Unnatural ſtate of civilization," cried Bridgetina, as ſoon as ſhe was alone: 'Odious and depraved ſociety, where every thing one eats, or drinks, or wears, muſt neceſſarily be paid for. Oh, wiſe and enlightened Hottentots! ye alone of all mankind have attained to that ſtate of perfection ſo charmingly deſcribed by the philoſopher! where the evils of co-operation are avoided; where pecuniary rewards for labour are unknown; and a bleſſed ſtate of equality gives vigour to the intellect, and rouſes the ſublime energies of the ſoul. Oh, that I were in the midſt of the Gonoquais horde! There no mercenary demand for the rent of my lodgings, no fares to hackney-coachmen, no bills from laundreſſes, nor butchers, nor bakers, nor grocers, nor ſhoe-makers, nor chandlers, nor glovers, would interrupt the ſublime ſpeculations of my towering fancy; but each congenial

congenial Hottentot, energizing in his ſelf-built ſhed, would be too much engroſſed by forming projects for general utility, to break in upon my repoſe!"

Some hours were thus ſpent by our heroine in deprecating the odious inſtitutions of the ſociety in which it was unhappily her lot to live, before ſhe thought of any method of extricating herſelf from her preſent embarraſſment. It at length, however, very fortunately occurred to her recollection, that ſhe had, on the day of her fruitleſs application to the city knight, obſerved the words *Money Lent* inſcribed upon the door-poſts of a ſhop in Oxford-ſtreet.

"Happy circumſtance!" cried ſhe, as ſoon as the thought occurred; "How fortunate was it, that by taking that road to the city, I ſhould become acquainted with the abode of this philanthropiſt. Thus it is that events generate each other! Had Alexander the Great never bathed in the Cydnus,

Cydnus, Shakeſpeare would never have written!* Had I gone by the Strand, I might not have known, that even in this depraved and unnatural ſtate of civilization, men are to be found, who, convinced of the immoral tendency of accumulation, promote the glorious æra of equality, by diſtributing their ſuperfluous wealth! Let me haſten to the abode of this enlightened perſon, who will doubtleſs deem it a duty to ſupply my wants."

Delighted with this idea, ſhe haſtily threw on her cloak, and proceeded without delay to the place where the advertiſement had arreſted her attention. The place was eaſily found. She entered, and inſtantly demanded an audience of the enlightened perſonage who had notified the generous intention of lending money. His wife was the perſon to whom ſhe addreſſed herſelf; who told her, that Mr. Poppem was then engaged with a cuſtomer in the parlour, but

* See Pol. Juſ.

that

that ſhe could do her buſineſs equally well. "My buſineſs," replied Bridgetina, "is to converſe with the man you call your huſband; for that he is your huſband I can hardly ſuppoſe! as it is little likely that a philoſopher who is convinced of the immoral tendency of accumulation, ſhould give encouragement to a monopoly ſo pernicious as marriage."

'D'ye mean to tell me that I am not an honeſt woman?' cried the ſhopkeeper's wife, in an enraged voice.

"An honeſt woman is a very mean and vulgar appellation for a perſon who acts upon principles of abſtract virtue," rejoined Bridgetina. "I make no doubt that your virtues are ſublime; and it is the high idea I have conceived of Mr. Poppem's, that now brings me here. Pray let him know, that a perſon of no mean energies wiſhes to converſe with him."

The ſight of Bridgetina's large gold watch, which, in ſpite of the change of faſhion,

faſhion, ſhe ſtill wore ſuſpended from her apron ſtring by its maſſy chain of the ſame precious metal, operated as a more powerful pacifier of the good woman's reſentment than all the arguments of philoſophy. Without farther heſitation, ſhe conducted our heroine to the inner chamber of Mr. Poppem, a place peculiarly dedicated to the myſteries of his profeſſion; where, like a bronze ſtatue that has been accidentally puſhed into ſome ill-aſſorted wardrobe, he ſat half-hid from view by piles of gowns, petticoats, great-coats, &c. A wretched-looking female ſtood before him, with a half-ſtarved infant in her arms.

"And will you really give no more?" cried the ſupplicant, in a feeble voice.

'No more!' returned Poppem; 'no, not a ſhilling more, if it was to ſave you from the gallows. There's ne'er a pawnbroker in London would ha' gi'n you the half on't on that there traſh; ſo you may take up your money, and be gone.'

"I muſt

"I muſt ſo!" returned the woman with a heavy ſigh; and taking up a few ſhillings that lay on a ſmall table, ſhe preſſed her infant to her breaſt. "Yes, deareſt," ſaid ſhe, "you ſhall now have bread!" The child turned up its languid eyes to her pale face, which was bedewed with tears. She again preſſed it to her boſom, and departed.

'I beg your pardon, Miſs,' cried Mr. Poppem, on perceiving Bridgetina. 'I purteſt I have been ſo bothered by that there woman, and her tales of a cock and a bull, that I did not obſerve you. Theſe ſort of paupers are ſuch troubleſome people to have any dealings with, that for my ſhare, I declare I never wiſh to ſee one of them enter my ſhop. But pray, what is your demand, Miſs?"

"I come, enlightened citizen," replied Bridgetina, "I come to inform myſelf of your motives, to enquire into your principles, and to convince you that I am entitled to a ſhare in the property which, I make

make no doubt, it is your ſtudy to diſtribute according to the unnerring rules of moral juſtice."

'Juſtice!' returned the pawn-broker; 'What d'ye mean by juſtice? I never was before any juſtice, but Juſtice Trap, in all my life; and then no one dared to ſay that black was the white of my eye. I ſtands upon my character. I deals upon the fair and the ſquare. All open and above board. I am no reſetter of ſtolen goods—no abettor of robbery—no——'

"I underſtand you," ſaid Bridgetina, interrupting him. "The unequal diſtribution of property may, undoubtedly, be termed a robbery; and *all exiſting abuſes are to be deprecated only as they ſerve to increaſe and perpetuate the inequality of conditions.** When mankind are ſufficiently illuminated, every perſon poſſeſſed of property will act as you, Mr. Poppem, now do. What I want particularly to know, is

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. ii.

your

your mode of eſtimating the worth of individuals; or, in other words, the criterion by which you judge of capacity?"

'Produce the pledge, Miſs,' ſaid Mr. Poppem; 'and if I don't eſtimate it as fairly as e'er a pawn-broker in London, you ſhall ha' the money for nothing.'

"What proof of powers or energies can the narrow limits of one ſhort converſation afford?" returned Bridgetina. "I am, however, prepared to diſcuſs, to inveſtigate, to argue, to energize, to——

Here the voice of a perſon in the front-ſhop attracted the attention of our heroine. She ſtopped to liſten, and inſtantly recognized the peculiar dialect of her townſman, Mr. Glib. "How fortunate!" cried ſhe, opening the ſlight door that ſeparated the place ſhe was in from the outer ſhop. "See how events generate each other!" holding out her hand to Mr. Glib.

'Ha! Citizeneſs Botherim!' cried Glib. 'How do, chuck? Glad to ſee you. Didn't

Didn't think to meet ye here, though. Doſt not come to Pop, ſurely?'

Bridgetina immediately informed her brother *illuminé* of the motives of her viſit to Mr. Poppem; at which he laughed ſo immoderately, as to incur no ſmall degree of our heroine's reſentment.

'Can't help it, for my ſoul,' cried Glib, breaking into another immoderate fit of laughter. 'Take a pawn-broker for a philoſopher! How comical! But never mind; better than us come for caſh. Can'ſt help me to any? Curſedly out at elbows. Citizen Vall no better than a ſcoundrel. Sold my books to Lackington, and gone off with the caſh. Left me without a ſixpence. Can lend me five pounds, I hope?'

"No, really," returned Bridgetina, "I have not at preſent ſo much as five ſhillings in my poſſeſſion, and came here in hopes of receiving a ſupply for myſelf."

'So you can,' returned Glib. 'Get it on your watch. No watches among the

Hottentots. No baubles, nor trinkets, nor gewgaws, in a reaſonable ſtate of ſociety. Give it to me. Get you the money in a twinkling. How much doſt want?'

"Ten guineas will do for my immediate exigencies," replied Bridgetina, putting the watch into his hands.

'Say no more,' cried Glib. 'Shalt have it in a moment. Then ſkipping acroſs the ſhop, he entered Mr. Poppem's apartment without ceremony, and in a few minutes returned with fifteen pounds and a duplicate. The latter he put into the hands of Bridgetina, with the ten-pound note. 'Ten will ſerve your turn,' ſaid he, 'and five is juſt what I want myſelf. Shall pay it in a trice.'

"But when?" cried Bridgetina, perceiving him about to leave her. "When ſhall I ſee you? I ſhall want the money in a few days, and you don't know where to find me."

'Never make promiſes,' cried Glib. 'Nothing ſo immoral. Damps my energies,

to ſee a creditor. Preſerve your energies, my dear. That's it! Energies do all!' So ſaying, he ſkipped out of the ſhop, and mingling with the crowd, was quickly out of ſight.

Bridgetina, forgetting at that moment the immoral tendency of punctuality, was extremely diſconcerted by the ſudden departure of Glib without a promiſe of repayment. The illuminated citizen's contempt of common honeſty ſhe knew to be as far ſuperior to her own, as practice is to theory; but though ſhe ought, upon her own principles, to have made a point of conceding to him the larger ſum, as being the more deſerving individual; yet either through the operation of ſome latent prejudice, or ſome pre-diſpoſing cauſes generated in the eternity that preceded her birth, ſhe felt more inclined at that moment to relieve the preſſing difficulties of her own ſituation, than to pay attention to the probably ſtill more preſſing difficulties by which he was embarraſſed,

embarraſſed. Replete with chagrin and diſappointment, ſhe ſlowly returned to her lodgings; and having diſcharged Mrs. Benton's bill, retired to her own apartment, to muſe in ſolitude and ſilence on the many miſeries that overſpread the barren wilderneſs of ſociety.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

" He little recks the woes which wait
" To ſcare his dreams of joy;
" Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate
" May all thoſe dreams deſtroy."

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

SLOWLY, in the opinion of Henry, did the hours move on, till the day that brought his ſiſter and her fair companion to London. At length the ſun aroſe that was to light them on their journey; and never did aſtronomer with more anxiety watch its progreſs on the day of the tranſit of a planet, than did Henry on this occaſion. He had formed the deſign of meeting them at Barnet, and having ordered his ſervant to procure horſes, mounted about

about three o'clock, and ſet off full ſpeed, in hopes of ſurpriſing them by his appearance at the Red-Lion, which he expected to reach before their arrival.

The day had been unuſually fine for the ſeaſon, but by the time he had got to Highgate, the ſky became obſcured, and a thick fog gradually ſpread over the face of the country. Cheered by the proſpect in his "mind's eye," he puſhed forward, and having obtained the riſing ground in the middle of Finchley-Common, obſerved with palpitating delight the approach of two poſt-chaiſes, which he doubted not contained the friends he was in queſt of. Riding briſkly up to the firſt of the carriages, the glaſſes of which were all up, he called to the poſtillion to ſtop. The poſtboy obeyed. Immediately the front glaſs was let down, and the kindly greetings of Henry anſwered by the firing of a piſtol! At the ſame moment two perſons leaped from the carriage, and holding their

piſtols

piſtols to the ſuppoſed highwayman, laid hold of the bridle, which had dropped from from his hand.

"Have you enough?" cried one of the gentlemen.

'Yes,' returned Henry;' and when you have diſcovered your miſtake, you will probably think I have had too much.'

Henry's ſervant being neither ſo well mounted as his maſter, nor inſpired with an equal degree of impatience, had fallen conſiderably behind. He darted forward at the report of the piſtol, and ſeeing his maſter (as he imagined) in the hands of footpads, he called out for help.

The gentleman who had fired the piſtol had from the appearance of Henry, and ſtill more from his manner of ſpeaking, begun to have ſome apprehenſions of his miſtake. The appearance of the ſervant gave additional ſtrength to his ſurmiſes.

"Wherefore did you ſtop the carriage?" cried he, in a tone rather leſs violent than his former tone.

'I expected to meet with friends,' said Henry, 'and confess I owe the accident entirely to my own imprudence. Whatever may be its consequences, you, sir, are acquitted of all blame.'

"'Curse on my rashness!" cried the gentleman; "but I hope, sir, you are not much hurt?"

'Not mortally, I trust,' returned Henry. 'From my feelings I should suppose the ball to be lodged in my shoulder: the wound in my arm will signify nothing.'

"A brave fellow, by my soul!" exclaimed a person, who at that moment came up from the second carriage. "I hope you will soon be after settling the matter honourably, my dear, and be able to call him to account for taking a highwayman for a jontleman."

"*You* may forgive me," said the gentleman, grasping Henry's hand; "but I never shall forgive myself. But let us not delay. My servant shall ride your horse, while you

you take his place in the carriage with me. I ſhall be miſerable till the wound has been examined. Pray let us make haſte."

'The jontleman may do as he plaſes,' ſaid the other traveller; 'but by my ſhoul, my dear, when you travel through the county of Galway, you had better take care how you pop at a jontleman, without giving him a chance of returning your fire!'

"I ſhall accept your offer with pleaſure, ſir," ſaid Henry, without paying any attention to his obſervation; "and hope I ſhall have reaſon to rejoice in the accident, as giving me the acquiſition of a friend."

The Iriſhman ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and returned to his chaiſe; while Henry, with the aſſiſtance of the ſtranger, diſmounted from his horſe and had placed his foot upon the ſtep of the chaiſe, when the rattling noiſe of carriages advancing quickly towards them attracted his attention. It was now ſo dark, that they were quite near, before they could be diſtinctly ſeen.

'Has

'Has any accident happened?' cried a voice, which Henry knew to be Doctor Orwell's.

"None that is of any conſequence," ſaid Henry, approaching the carriage.

'It is Dr. Sydney!' cried Harriet.

"Dr. Sydney!" repeated her father; "I hope no diſaſter—"

'A ſlight accident only,' ſaid Henry: 'which I ſhall inform you of at leiſure, if you will have the goodneſs to make room for me.'

"Yes, ſurely!" ſaid they both at once. "Maria is behind," added the Doctor, "your appearance will alarm her, ſo pray ſtep in immediately."

Henry aſſented; and taking a haſty leave of the ſtranger, placed himſelf by the ſide of Harriet, whoſe emotion was too apparent to eſcape the penetrating eyes of love. In a voice expreſſive of the tendereſt ſolicitude, ſhe enquired into the nature of the accident that had befallen him. Henry gave

gave an evaſive anſwer to her interrogatories, and turned the converſation; which, in ſpite of the pain he ſuffered, he continued to ſupport with all that ſpirited animation the preſence of a beloved object naturally inſpires. In the middle of a ſprightly ſally, he was ſtopped by a ſcream from Harriet. 'Ah! Sydney,' cried ſhe, 'you are wounded! My cloak is covered with blood!' Henry, finding it was in vain any longer to attempt deceiving her, gave a faithful account of all that had happened; and was amply repaid for the anguiſh of his wound, by the intereſt Harriet evidently took in his misfortune.

On ſtopping at the door of Henry's lodgings, whither it had been agreed to drive, the ſtranger whoſe raſhneſs had occaſioned the unlucky accident, preſented himſelf, and with him an eminent ſurgeon, with whom Sydney was well acquainted; and who was the very perſon he had thought of ſending for on the occaſion.

Such

Such generous ardour to repair an injury he had unintentionally committed, excited the admiration of Sydney, who, in ſuitable terms, thanked him for his attention; and then proceeded with him and Doctor Orwell to his own apartment, to ſubmit the wound to the examination of the ſurgeon.

Harriet's heart ſunk within her, at the idea of the pain he muſt neceſſarily undergo. In vain did ſhe endeavour to exert her fortitude; when the carriage ſtopped in Hanover-ſquare, ſhe was too much agitated to alight. The ſecond chaiſe drove up, and Maria, Mr. Churchill, and Mrs. Botherim had deſcended from it and come up to her, before ſhe had ſufficiently recollected her ſcattered ſpirits, to be able to form any excuſe for her father's abſence.

Alarmed at the appearance of her emotion, Maria earneſtly entreated to know the cauſe; but without taking any notice of her queſtions, ſhe haſtily followed Mrs. Botherim

Bothe him into the houſe, where Mrs. Fielding received them with that happy mixture of cordiality and politeneſs which denotes the union of good-breeding and benevolence.

Henry's ſervant had communicated the news of his maſter's misfortune at Mrs. Fielding's, a few minutes before the arrival of his friends, and had thereby excited a degree of alarm and anxiety, which was ſtill viſible in that good lady's countenance. The ſimilar feelings of Harriet did not eſcape her notice; and by exciting a degree of intereſt and compaſſion, gave a ſtronger impreſſion in her favour than all the graces of her perſon or beauty of her countenance could have produced.

The ſhock which Maria received from the intelligence was ſufficiently ſevere, though mitigated by the confidence ſhe repoſed in the veracity of her friends; which ſhe knew to be of too genuine a nature to admit of their impoſing on her by any of thoſe *kind lies*, which are often

ſo

ſo liberally diſpenſed upon ſimilar occaſions. Doctor Orwell's report was extremely favourable. The ball, he told them, had been extracted without difficulty; and the wound, in the opinion of the ſurgeon, ſo little ſerious, that it would only occaſion a few days' confinement.

Maria's anxious deſire to viſit her brother was indulged by Mrs. Fielding, who kindly ordered her own chair to attend her. Mr. Churchill, as he handed her into it, whiſpered a wiſh that it had been a more ſociable conveyance; Maria did not frown, nor was ſhe poſſibly much diſpleaſed at ſeeing him walk beſide it to Henry's door.

While Maria and Churchill were on this charitable viſit, poor Mrs. Botherim was employed in giving Mrs. Fielding a circumſtantial detail of all ſhe had ſuffered from Bridgetina's abſence; interſperſed with many bitter reflections on the wicked people, and ſtill more wicked books, that had led her daughter aſtray. "Yes,"

cried

cried ſhe, "Ma'am, as I was telling you, I now knows for certain, it is all along of them there people as comes to Mr. Glib's, who I thought all the time (God help me) to be the moſt learned and the moſt wiſeſt people in the world. It is true, I did not underſtand much of the meaning of what they ſaid; for what ſhould I know of perfebility and cowſation, and all them there things? But had I known that they meant to make children unnatural, and undutiful to their parents, they ſhould never have been uttered in my houſe, I promiſe ye."

'It is, indeed, to be regretted,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding, 'that Miſs Botherim ſhould have been ſo unfortunate in the choice of her books and friends. It could not be expected from Miſs Botherim, that with her limited opportunities of information, ſhe ſhould be able to detect the pernicious tendency of the opinions ſhe ſo unhappily embraced,'

"Ah!

"Ah! Madam," returned Mrs. Botherim, "you have no ſort of notion how learned ſhe was. I do aſſure you ſhe has read as many books as e'er a parſon in the kingdom. The hiſtories of lords and counts, and colonels and ladies of quality, was what ſhe pored on from morning till night. And then ſhe got them there Metam Phyſics in whole volumes, as big as the church bible; all written, as ſhe told me, by that *General Utility*, as ſhe called him. I'm ſure I ſhall hate the name of him as long as I live."

Mrs. Fielding could not help ſmiling at the ſimplicity of this account. 'I am afraid, my good Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'that the ſort of reading you firſt alluded to, was a very bad preparative for the latter. To an imagination inflamed by an inceſſant peruſal of the improbable fictions of romance, a flight into the regions of metaphyſics muſt rather be a dangerous excurſion. I am afraid Miſs Botherim has gone too far

aſtray

aſtray in the fields of imagination to be eaſily brought back to the plain path of common ſenſe.'

"I ſhould hope," ſaid Dr. Orwell, "that a little reflection would make her ſenſible of the fallacy of opinions, which have invariably proved fatal to all who have ſo far adopted, as to make them a principle of action."

'Yes, my dear Madam,' ſaid Mrs. Botherim, 'do pray tell her of the conſequences. Bid her think of poor Miſs Delmond, who has been ruinated, and deluded, and ticed away by a fellow, who, for all his fine talk, is no better than a ſhabby hair-dreſſer. And——'

Here the entrance of Bridgetina, who had been ſent for by Mrs. Fielding, put an end to the good lady's harangue. Her affection for her daughter ſo far outweighed her reſentment, that the former only appeared in her reception. Throwing her arms round her neck, ſhe exclaimed in

broken accents, while tears flowed from her eyes, 'My Biddy! my dear Biddy! you will not leave your poor mother again? No, no, you cannot be ſo cruel! You ſhall do juſt whatever you pleaſe, and have the command of all I have in the world, if you will but ſtay with me to comfort my old age. I am ſure,' added ſhe, ſobbing, 'I am ſure I never contradicted you in my life—you cannot ſay that I did.'

"It would have been quite counter to the proper order of things, if you had," returned Bridgetina. "To a perfectible being every ſpecies of coercion is improper; and as contradiction is a ſpecies of coercion, it neceſſarily follows that——"

'There!' cried Mrs. Botherim, holding up her claſped hands in agony, 'there, now! ſhe is at it again! Juſt the old ſtory! all them there fine words over again, as pat as the day ſhe firſt learned them. O Biddy! Biddy! would ye but ſpeak in a way that a body could underſtand!'

"If

"If I were to speak to your comprehenſion, mother," I muſt deſcend indeed! A mind that is illumined like mine——"

'Come, come, Miſs Botherim,' ſaid Dr. Orwell, 'don't think you will add to your dignity by leſſening your parent. I, for my ſhare, know no good of any illumination that does not ſhew itſelf in the conduct. And in that, my dear, your mother has the advantage of you; as ſhe has never been guilty of any glaring impropriety.'

"The perſon, ſir, who would energize in no vulgar manner, muſt prepare herſelf for encountering obloquy and cenſure," retorted Bridgetina.

'And pray, my dear, what entitles you to be ſuperior to obloquy and cenſure? What right have you to think that a line of conduct condemned by the general ſuffrage of mankind, and which, if it were univerſally to prevail, would prove deſtructive to the peace and happineſs of ſociety, ſhould eſcape reprehenſion?'

"The

" The prejudices which ſpring from the odious inſtitutions of an ill-conſtituted ſociety," ſaid Bridgetina, " ought to be deſpiſed by every perſon capable of ſoaring to a ſublime morality, founded on abſtract reaſoning."

" And it is this ſublime morality, founded on abſtract reaſoning, which teaches you to neglect, or to deſpiſe, the performance of every duty belonging to your ſituation!' returned the Doctor. ' It is *it* which teaches you to forſake an indulgent parent, who has made your happineſs the ſtudy of her whole life; and in return for the tender care ſhe has beſtowed on your infancy and youth, to leave her old age to ſolitude and ſorrow. It is this ſublime morality founded on abſtract reaſoning, which has likewiſe, I ſuppoſe, taught you to break through every law of delicacy and decorum, and ſhameleſsly to offer yourſelf to proſtitution! Such have been the fruits of this *ſublime morality*, which arrogantly pretends to excel that of the Goſpel!'

" I have ſomewhere heard reaſoning termed the *arithmetic of words*," ſaid Mrs. Fielding. " Where the ſum total is ſo monſtrous, I think we may confidently pronounce that there has been ſome error in the calculation. Of this, I have no doubt, Miſs Botherim will become fully ſenſible, when ſhe takes a wide and impartial view of the conſequences."

' Aye!' cried Mrs. Botherim, ' let her take a view of Mr. Glib's poor ragged children in the pariſh workhouſe, whom their father has left to ſtarve, becauſe, forſooth, a man ſhould have no regard for his own fleſh and blood! And let her ſee what is become of their mother—gone off, like a huſſy, with a recruiting officer! Pretty conſequences, truly! To ſay nothing of the death of that worthy gentleman Captain Delmond, who died of a broken heart, if ever man did; and I am ſure I do not wonder at his doing ſo, for what touches the heart of a parent equal to the undutifulneſs

fulneſs of a darling child? Woe is me that I ſhould live to ſpeak this from experience! But, indeed, Biddy, I ſhall never recover your unkindneſs!'

Notwithſtanding the philoſophy of Bridgetina, ſhe could not help being affected by the tears of her mother. Mrs. Fielding, perceiving the impreſſion that they made upon her, thought it beſt to leave them ſome time to themſelves. She aroſe, and taking a hand of each, led them to the adjoining apartment, ſaying, that after ſo long a ſeparation, they had probably many things to communicate, that would be beſt diſcuſſed in a *tête-à-tête*.

The endeavours of Mrs. Fielding to reconcile our heroine to return to her mother, were forcibly ſeconded by the mortifying circumſtances of her ſituation. Without money, without friends, without any remaining hopes of ſucceſs in the great object of her wiſhes, ſhe began to think that ſhe had been rather too precipitate in her anti-

cipation

cipation of the practices of *The Age of Reaſon;* and that in the preſent deplorable ſtate of things, a young woman might be excuſable in remaining under the protection of her relations, though ſhe eſcaped the glory of moral martyrdom by doing ſo.

A thouſand times ſince ſhe left W—— had ſhe ſenſibly felt the want of thoſe little tender attentions, which her fond mother had ever been ſo ready to beſtow. She had been ſick—and found no one intereſted in her recovery. Mrs. Benton had, indeed, attended her as much as her buſineſs would allow; but her attentions fell far ſhort of the anxious ſolicitude of a parent who, on the ſlighteſt indiſpoſition, had been alarmed for her ſafety. Nor had ſhe been able to eradicate from her breaſt the feelings of filial affection; feelings, which the unexpected meeting with her mother had powerfully revived. And as ſhe had now little proſpect of ſoon ſeeing any of thoſe who were ſufficientlyenlightened to condemn her for

for this returning weakneſs, ſhe was eaſily prevailed upon to oblige the old lady, by conſenting to accompany her back to W—.

Overjoyed at this inſtance of condeſcenſion, Mrs. Botherim willingly undertook to diſcharge all the debts contracted by her daughter; and having gratefully thanked Mrs. Fielding for her kind attention, departed with Bridgetina to Mrs. Benton's.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

" Beware of Jealouſy!"
SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. Fielding's intention of ſending to inquire for Henry on the following morning was anticipated by Doctor Orwell, whoſe report was ſo favourable as to infuſe cheerfulneſs into the countenances of the circle now aſſembled at breakfaſt.

In talking over the diſaſter of the preceding evening, Dr. Orwell mentioned the gentleman who had been the unfortunate occaſion of it, by the name of Carradine.

" Has he ever been in India?" aſked Mrs. Fielding, eagerly.

' I believe he has,' returned the Doctor.

" Then," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, " I make no doubt he is the ſon of one of my oldeſt and moſt

moſt intimate friends. Through the intereſt of Lady Brierſton, I procured this boy a cadet's appointment on the Bengal eſtabliſhment about fourteen years ago; but of me, it is probable, he now retains not any remembrance."

Mrs. Fielding was miſtaken. While ſhe yet ſpoke, Mr. Carradine was announced. He had, through Henry Sydney, heard of her living in London, and no ſooner heard it, than with all that ardour which was the prominent feature of his character, he haſtened to pay his reſpects to his acknowledged benefactreſs. Mrs. Fielding received this teſtimony of his gratitude with a ſatisfaction equal to the intereſt ſhe took in the welfare of the ſon of her friend: ſhe heard with pleaſure of his ſucceſs in India, which had far exceeded his moſt ſanguine expectations, and was ſtill more highly gratified by learning, that that ſucceſs had enabled him to make a handſome proviſion for two orphan ſiſters. He had come over to pay

a viſit

a viſit to the eldeſt of theſe upon her marriage, and his leave of abſence being now nearly expired, was on the eve of again taking his departure for the Eaſt.

In ſpeaking of the misfortune occaſioned by his raſhneſs the preceding evening, he expreſſed himſelf with ſo much feeling on account of Henry, and ſuch a generous condemnation of his own impetuoſity, as not only reconciled Mrs. Fielding, but even diveſted Maria of all inclination to impute to him the leaſt degree of blame. Harriet was, on this occaſion, ſomewhat behind her friends in point of generoſity. As the perſon by whom the life of Henry had been expoſed to danger, ſhe could not help viewing Mr. Carradine with a degree of diſlike; nor was her diſlike diminiſhed by finding herſelf the object of his particular attention. That ſhe was ſo, was evident almoſt from the very moment of his entrance; and the avidity with which he accepted Mrs. Fielding's invitation to dinner,

ner, might, perhaps, be as juſtly attributed to the power of attraction as to the impulſe of gratitude.

This young man, whoſe quick and lively feelings had, by early indulgence, been foſtered into uncontrolable impetuoſity, was the willing ſlave of impulſe; but though frequently led aſtray by his capricious guide, his errors were more than compenſated by the virtues of his heart. Open, generous, and ſincere, he was ſtill more fervent in his friendſhips than in his enmities; and equally prompt to confer an obligation, as to reſent an injury. The impreſſion made upon his mind by the firſt appearance of Miſs Orwell, was augmented into intoxication before the end of the evening; nor was this delirium of love in the leaſt checked by the apparent coldneſs of her manners. Little accuſtomed to intercourſe with the ſex, he was a ſtranger to that delicacy of ſentiment which renders an union of minds eſſential to happineſs;

and

and having gathered from converſation in the courſe of the day, that Miſs Orwell's fortune conſiſted chiefly in her charms and virtues, retired elate with hope and fully confident of ſucceſs.

On the following morning he returned to eſcort the ladies to an exhibition of paintings, to which Mrs. Fielding had mentioned an intention of carrying her young friends on the preceding evening. Harriet would willingly have been excuſed, but ſhe was ſuch a novice in the modern ſchool of female manners, that ſhe did not conſider herſelf at liberty to indulge every wayward humour, or to diſconcert the pleaſure of a party for the gratification of her own feelings. She therefore concealed her repugnance, and only begged Maria not to quit her ſide. Maria promiſed, and no doubt intended to comply with her requeſt; but Mr. Churchill knew ſo well the paintings that were particularly ſuited to her taſte, and took ſuch pains to point

point them out, that in the fervour of her admiration of the pieces to which he directed her attention, ſhe was inſenſibly drawn to another part of the room. Dr. Orwell and Mrs. Fielding were mean time engaged in converſation, ſo that Harriet found herſelf left to the care of Mr. Carradine; who, without conſidering the character to whom he addreſſed himſelf, employed the opportunity thus afforded him to pour out that profuſion of exaggerated compliment, which he had been taught to conſider as the moſt acceptable offering to the ear of beauty.

Tired by his aſſiduity, and provoked by his perſeverance, ſhe haſtened to where Mrs. Fielding and her father had procured ſeats. Juſt as ſhe approached them, Dr. Orwell reſigned his to an elderly lady, whom he heard complain of fatigue. The ſame complaint was heard by ſeveral young men of faſhion, who lounged upon the ſame bench, but heard without producing

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on their part the ſmalleſt effort for her accommodation. The eyes of the ſame party were now turned on Harriet, who involuntarily ſhrunk from their familiar ſtare, and gladly entered into a converſation with Mrs. Fielding, in order to relieve her embarraſſment.

The converſation naturally turned on the paintings, on which Harriet gave her opinion with all that ingenuouſneſs and ſimplicity which belonged to her character. Accuſtomed to think for herſelf, ſhe did not heſitate to ſpeak from her feelings; and as ſhe made no pretenſions to connoiſſeurſhip, would not have been at all mortified at finding that ſhe had been pleaſed with a piece that was not ſtamped with the approbation of a connoiſſeur.

"You ſeem fatigued, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, "I wiſh we could make room for you," looking at the gentlemen who ſtill kept their ſeats.

'I beg the young lady may take mine,' ſaid the elderly lady whom Doctor Orwell

had accommodated. Harriet declined the offer, and the ſubject of the paintings was renewed.

"I confeſs," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, "that I receive peculiar pleaſure from ſuch paintings as afford an exerciſe to the mind. I am not connoiſſeur enough to be long enraptured with all the charms of light and ſhade; and though I admire the beauty of that St. Cecilia, I dwell with much more ſatisfaction on its companion, which gives ſuch a lively repreſentation of the manners of a former age and diſtant country."

'Taſteleſs muſt they be, who can turn their eyes to painted canvas, while animated beauty demands their admiration!' whiſpered Carradine.

"You are right," ſaid Dr. Orwell to Mrs. Fielding; "and that view of the ſavages, which hangs oppoſite to us, has afforded me particular pleaſure from the train of ideas it has excited. No one can view it, and look around, without being convinced

convinced how nearly the extremes of barbariſm and civilization are united. Do but mark the expreſſion of ſtupidity and indolence in the countenance of that ſavage who ſits at the door of the hut. Methinks he wants but a tooth-pick to make him quite a modern fine gentleman; he ſeems almoſt as much inſenſible to all the moral, natural, and ſocial feelings and enjoyments, as any beau in the room. See with what liſtleſs indifference his companion views the females who are placed beſide him. How vacant his ſtare! How rude and brutiſh does it prove his manners!"

While Dr. Orwell was ſpeaking, Mrs. Fielding accidentally turned her eye from the picture upon the gentleman who ſat beſide her. 'An't you tired of this horrid place?' ſaid one.

"Tired!" returned his companion; "I have been fatigued to death this half-hour!" So ſaying, they roſe with one conſent, perhaps determined never more

to take their place in an exhibition beſide a portrait of ſavages.

On their return home, Mrs. Fielding ſtopped the carriage at Henry's door. While Dr. Orwell and Maria were ſtepping out to enquire for him, 'Tell him,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding, 'that we ſhall all pay him a viſit together, the firſt evening he is well enough to receive us.' Maria ſoon returned, with earneſt entreaties from her brother, that the kind promiſe might be fulfilled that very evening. The requeſt was ſeconded by Dr. Orwell, on whoſe judgment Mrs. Fielding ſo much relied, that ſhe was eaſily prevailed upon to acquieſce.

In the evening they accordingly went, and were received by Henry with the moſt rapturous gratitude. To Mrs. Fielding he was profuſe in his acknowledgments, for her goodneſs and condeſcenſion. To Harriet his eyes only ſpoke, but they required not any interpreter. In anſwer to the interrogatories concerning his wound, he declared

declared it to be a mere ſcratch, not worth mentioning; and only that it obliged him to keep on his night-gown, would not confine him to his room another day. While Mrs. Fielding was congratulating him on the fortunate iſſue of an event which had appeared ſo big with danger, and Harriet ſmiling delight at the certainty of his recovery, Mr. Carradine entered the room. He inſtantly ſeized the vacant chair by the ſide of Harriet, and to her ſo excluſively devoted his attentions, that he did not ſeem to have either eyes or ears for any other object. Unaccuſtomed to diſguiſe his feelings, he ſought not to conceal them; though the evident diſtreſs of Harriet might have convinced him, that whatever gratification he enjoyed from this open avowal of his partiality, he enjoyed at her expence. In vain did ſhe endeavour by monoſyllable anſwers to weary out his patience, or by frequently addreſſing Mrs. Fielding or Maria, to turn his attention to

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the converſation of her friends. He could ſpeak but to her alone, and made ſuch frequent alluſions to what paſſed either in the courſe of the morning, or during his viſit to Mrs. Fielding on the preceding day, as muſt have impreſſed any liſtener with an idea of their being on terms of long-eſtabliſhed intimacy.

Trifling was the pain of the wound his hand had given, in compariſon of that which his conduct now inflicted on the heart of Henry. He now firſt felt the torturing pang of jealouſy, nor did the behaviour of Harriet quiet his apprehenſions. He knew her delicacy, he knew her prudence; and to prudence and delicacy did he ſolely attribute her ſeeming indifference to the too evident partiality of her new admirer. But would ſhe continue indifferent to a man, who, emboldened by proſperity, addreſſed her in the ſtyle of confident ſucceſs? Would ſhe ſcorn the allurements of ambition, and refuſe the offer of affluence

ence from one whoſe perſonal accompliſh-ments alone might make an impreſſion on any female heart? "She will," ſaid Hope. 'No, no;' ſaid trembling Apprehenſion, 'you have no right to expect it!' "Then ſhe is loſt to you for ever!" ſaid Deſpondency.

The pale hue that ſucceeded the feveriſh fluſh on the cheek of Henry, was not unob-ſerved by Mrs. Fielding. "Sydney," ſaid ſhe, "I fear you have over-rated the pro-greſs of your recovery. Your wiſh to ſee your friends has led you to an exertion beyond your ſtrength; but we muſt be no longer parties in your indiſcretion." She then ordered her carriage, and while Henry endeavoured to aſſure her that her fears were without foundation, ſhe was, by the changes of his colour and the faltering of his voice, fully perſuaded of their reality.

When Doctor Orwell went to inquire for his young friend on the following morn-ing, he met the ſurgeon coming out of his apartment, and from him (to his great diſ-quietude)

quietude) received intelligence of Henry's increaſed indiſpoſition. A conſiderable degree of fever had already taken place, which in the courſe of the day became ſo alarming, that the ſurgeon, on his next viſit in the afternoon, propoſed the calling in the aſſiſtance of an eminent phyſician. Next day he was ſtill worſe, and Maria, in anguiſh of heart, diſpatched a meſſenger to her father with the melancholy tidings.

All the bright viſions of expected happineſs, with which Maria and her friend had indulged their imaginations while preparing for their jaunt to London, were now completely annihilated; and in their place, melancholy reflections on the paſt, or gloomy forebodings of the future, took poſſeſſion of their minds. From the preſſure of theſe Maria was ſomewhat relieved by active exertion; but Harriet had no ſuch reſource. She had not even the privilege of communicating the ſufferings of her anxious heart. They did not, however,

eſcape

eſcape the penetrating eye of Mrs. Fielding, who, by the moſt ſoothing attention, endeavoured to alleviate as much as poſſible the pain ſhe well knew how to eſtimate.

A ſtill ſeverer taſk awaited her—it was the reception of Mr. Sydney; who inſtantly on the receipt of his daughter's letter had ſet off for London, and arrived on the day that Henry was pronounced to be in the utmoſt danger.

Though a period of thirty years had elapſed ſince Mrs. Fielding had laſt ſeen Mr. Sydney, it is probable that time had not ſo completely obliterated the remembrance of their parting ſcene, that ſhe could now, without emotion, have gone through the ceremony of the firſt interview, had not every feeling been abſorbed by the object of their mutual anxiety. The ſame cauſe would have been productive of the ſame effects at any period of their acquaintance; for in ſpite of the ſupreme dominion aſcribed by poets and noveliſts to the God

of

of Love, (who is repreſented as the prime mover of every human action, and the omnipotent governor of the breaſt of every perſon who has ever felt his power) he is in fact a mere ſunſhine viſitor, who ſkulks away at the firſt appearance of calamity, and is driven from the heart at the approach of real evil.

Mrs. Fielding, who felt for Henry all the affection of a parent, feelingly participated in the parent's affliction. For ſome days after the arrival of Mr. Sydney, fearful ſuſpenſe continued to reſt on every brow, and to throb in every heart. Harriet, to whom the preſence of Carradine had been ſo diſagreeable, now watched for his knock at the door with ſickening impatience; he, indeed, ſpent the greateſt part of his time in going betwixt Hanover-ſquare and George-ſtreet; and by the lively intereſt he took in Henry's recovery raiſed himſelf not a little in the opinion of his miſtreſs.

Above a week was thus ſpent. At the end of that period a change took place,

which his medical friends pronounced to be a favourable criſis. Harriet was ſitting with Mrs. Fielding in her dreſſing-room, the door of which had been left open, to facilitate the communication of intelligence. Twice had ſhe gone to it on tip-toe, on hearing two ſeveral knocks at the hall-door, but was each time diſappointed by the appearance of viſiting-tickets in the ſervant's hands.

While he was delivering the laſt of theſe to Mrs. Fielding, Carradine ruſhed in.—"He is out of danger!" cried he; "the phyſicians declare he is out of danger! But Miſs Orwell, why do you not ſpeak? You are not ſorry, ſure, to hear that Sydney is out of danger? why do you not rejoice?"

'I—I do rejoice!' ſaid Harriet, and burſt into a violent flood of tears.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Carradine, "I thought it would have made you happy to hear the poor fellow was out of danger; but had I known how differently it was to affect

affect you, I would ſooner have been ſhot than have told you a word of the matter."

'Good as well as bad news may be declared too abruptly,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding. Then in order to divert his attention from Harriet, ſhe proceeded to aſk a number of queſtions concerning the opinion of the phyſicians, and the ſymptoms on which that opinion was founded. Mr. Carradine was but ill qualified to give her information concerning theſe particulars; but the ſimple fact that Henry was pronounced out of danger, was a ſolace to her friendly heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

" Reader, attend: Whether thy ſoul
" Soars Fancy's flights beyond the pole,
" Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
" In low purſuit;
" Know, prudent, cautious, ſelf-control,
" Is wiſdom's root."

BURNS.

THE recovery of Henry was not rapid, but it was unattended by any relapſe. No ſooner did returning health begin to re-brace the unſtrung nerves, and re-invigorate the feeble frame, than the mind reverted to the objects of its former intereſt; and though (contrary to the uſual practice of lovers in ſimilar circumſtances) he had not, during his delirium, once mentioned the name of Harriet, her image now re-aſſumed its wonted place in his breaſt.

" Maria,"

" Maria," ſaid he one day to his ſiſter, as ſhe ſat by his bedſide, which he was yet too feeble to leave for more than half an hour at a time, " you confine yourſelf too much to my apartment. Beſides the riſk of injuring your health, you muſt embitter the happineſs of Miſs Orwell by thus perpetually depriving her of your ſociety. But, perhaps, ſhe ſees enough of company at Mrs. Fielding's to ſolace her for the abſence of her old friends?"

' No, indeed,' returned Maria, ' Mrs. Fielding has received no viſitors ſince you were taken ill; I do not believe that any ſtranger, except Mr. Carradine, has been within her door.'

" And has Mr. Carradine been often there?"

' O yes, two or three times at leaſt every day.'

" He is then quite on a familiar footing in Hanover-ſquare?" ſaid Henry, in a tremulous voice,

' Entirely

'Entirely ſo,' returned Maria. 'He goes in and out juſt like one of the family. Indeed, I believe the intereſt he took in your recovery, and the ſenſibility he evinced at the time you were thought to be in danger, has more endeared him to Mrs. Fielding, than if he had been the ſon of twenty friends. That deep ſigh tells me, that I muſt not yet indulge you in talking; but if you pleaſe I ſhall now read to you a little—'

"I think I had rather ſleep," ſaid Henry. Maria drew the curtain, and remained in ſilence.

The convaleſcence of Henry was no ſooner aſcertained, that Dr. Orwell began to think of returning home. And no ſooner did Carradine hear of his intention, than he haſtened to communicate to him ſuch propoſals concerning his daughter, as he was well aſſured could not fail to meet his approbation. Having entered the Doctor's dreſſing-room in a manner ſufficiently abrupt

to

to have created ſome alarm in a perſon of weak nerves, he thus opened the conference. 'Doctor Orwell, your daughter is a charming girl! By my ſoul, I do not believe there is ſuch a lovely girl in England!'

"You do my daughter great honour, ſir," ſaid the Doctor, ſmiling at his odd manner of expreſſing a truth which he himſelf had, however, no difficulty in believing. "Harriet is ſurely much obliged to you for the compliment."

'Not at all,' returned Carradine, 'not obliged to me at all. I would not love her if I could help it, but I cannot help it; and I do love her with all my heart. Ten thouſand pounds is what I mean to ſettle on her. Tell me if that will anſwer your expectations?'

"Really, ſir, I do not well underſtand you. Your propoſal is made in a manner ſo abrupt, and was ſo truly unexpected, that you muſt forgive me if I cannot give it an immediate anſwer."

'Nothing

'Nothing can be plainer than my propoſal,' rejoined Carradine, 'I love your daughter, and will marry her without a ſhilling, making her a ſettlement of ten thouſand pounds, which ſhall be entirely at her own diſpoſal.'

"And is it with Harriet's knowledge that you now apply to me on this buſineſs?"

'No. Miſs Orwell, notwithſtanding we have now been acquainted for almoſt a fortnight, has never yet given me an opportunity of talking to her on the ſubject.'

"And do you really think, that on a fortnight's acquaintance the character of any perſon can be ſufficiently developed, to warrant entering with them into a connexion that is indiſſoluble?"

'A fortnight! Why I have known many very happy marriages take place in Bengal upon an acquaintance of leſs than half the the time. I remember the time, when every freſh cargo of imported beauties uſed to go off as faſt as they were ſeen. Now, to

be

be ſure, the market is rather overſtocked; and many a fine girl remains on hand for the length of a whole ſeaſon. But as to making up one's mind upon the buſineſs, that can be done in half an hour as well as in half a century.'

"You aſtoniſh me!" cried Dr. Orwell. "I have indeed heard of young women's going out to India, with a view, no doubt, to get eſtabliſhed in marriage. But that whole cargoes ſhould go out in that manner, as to a regular market, I really ſhould not, but from good authority, have credited. Surely they can only be ſome poor, unfortunate, and friendleſs girls, who have neither parents nor protectors at home, that are driven to ſuch deſperate methods of obtaining a proviſion?"

'Pardon me,' replied Carradine; 'the greateſt number who now come out are ſent by their parents and protectors; and, in general, the ſpeculation is not a bad one.'

"Is it poſſible!" cried Doctor Orwell, "that any parent ſhould be ſo depraved,

as to expoſe his child to a ſituation ſo humiliating! How loſt to all that conſcious dignity which enhances every female charm, how loſt to every ſentiment of delicacy muſt ſhe become, who is thus led to make a barter of herſelf! My mind revolts at the idea."

'Does the diſtance of the market, then, make ſuch a mighty difference?' ſaid Carradine. 'Really, my dear ſir, that is an objection merely imaginary. The voyage is a trifle; and as to the conſcious dignity, and all that, I do aſſure you, that ſo far from its being loſt by going to India, I have there ſeen many a girl, who at an Engliſh watering-place would have been glad to flirt with an enſign, get ſo proud and ſaucy in the ſpace of a few weeks, that ſhe would not deign to ſpeak to a ſubaltern! The reaſon is plain—in India the number of European ladies is ſtill ſo ſmall, in proportion to the gentlemen, that they are *there* of ſome conſequence. But here

they are hawked about in such quantities at every place of public resort, that if the poor things did not lay themselves out to court attention, they would have no chance of being taken notice of.'

"Better remain unnoticed for ever, than be so degraded!" said Doctor Orwell, with vehemence. "For my part," continued he, "though the increasing prevalence of luxury and false pride, and false notions of true dignity, tend to render poverty an evil of mighty magnitude to a helpless female, I had rather see my daughters reduced to the necessity of earning their bread, than behold them raised to the highest pinnacle of fortune by such methods as you have described."

'*Your daughter!* my dear sir. Oh, she is a being of a superior order. Tell me but that you consent she shall be mine, and by all that's sacred, she shall be as happy a woman—aye, and trust me, as much respected as the wife of any man in Europe.'

"I must

"I muſt repeat it again," replied the Doctor, "that I am no friend to haſty connexions. We are frequently taught by experience, that where the general character is on both ſides good, an unconformity of temper, or diſſimilarity of taſte, is ſufficient to embitter the tenour of exiſtence. And how on a ſhort acquaintance can we form that knowledge of the diſpoſition which prudence requires, in order to give a chance for happineſs?"

'As to temper, I do aſſure you no one ever found fault with mine. Let Miſs Orwell enquire of my friends, and they will tell her that I am the beſt-natured fellow in the world. A little haſty, or ſo, perhaps, but then it is over in a moment; and I vow to GOD, I never ſhall be in a paſſion with her. How could I, with ſuch an angel! Believe me, ſir, we ſhall be one of the happieſt couples in the world.'

Doctor Orwell ſmiled. "Well, but Mr. Carradine, if you had my conſent, pray

pray have you any reaſon to conclude that of Harriet is certain?"

'No, I really cannot ſay that I am ſure of that. But when ſhe knows how good a huſband I ſhall make, and ſees that you are very much inclined to the match, I do not deſpair of prevailing on her to make me happy. She is ſo ſweet and ſo compaſſionate, that I do not think ſhe could have the cruelty to inflict miſery upon any mortal. I never ſaw any creature poſſeſſed of a heart ſo tender! Why ſhe could not even hear mention made of what poor Sydney ſuffered, without always changing colour; and I have more than once obſerved the ſilent tear ſteal ſoftly down her cheek, even while a ſmile ſat upon her countenance. And what is the anguiſh of a thouſand fevers, in compariſon of what I ſhould feel in loſing her?"

"I hope, that if my daughter ſhould be ſo cruel," ſaid Doctor Orwell, "there is little reaſon to apprehend any *danger* from the

the misfortune; and that in the ſmiles of ſome other beauty all your wounds will ſoon be healed."

'I ſhall never ſpeak to another beauty in my life;' replied Carradine, warmly. 'I ſhall embark for India in the firſt ſhip; and do you think that after having contemplated the unaffected lovelineſs of Miſs Orwell, endeared by ſweetneſs, and exalted by the utmoſt refinement of ſentiment and gracefulneſs of manners, I ſhall have any taſte for the inſipid morſels of foil and froth that I am there likely to meet with? No, no! if I return to India without a wife, I ſhall go back to poor Mirza; though beſides the burthen of ſo many dingy brats, there is plaguy little comfort in a connexion that affords neither friendſhip nor ſociety.'

Here the converſation was interrupted by the ſudden entrance of Mrs. Botherim, who, with a heavy heart, came to complain to Doctor Orwell of the untoward diſpoſition of her daughter. As many years had

elapſed

elapſed ſince the good lady had viſited London, ſhe had thought it proper to take the preſent opportunity of renewing her acquaintance with the few friends of her childhood who were ſtill in exiſtence; and had accepted an invitation to take up her reſidence, while ſhe remained in town, at the houſe of a relation, for whoſe family ſhe anxiouſly wiſhed her daughter to cultivate an affection. It was of her behaviour to theſe friends that ſhe now came to complain, which ſhe did with great bitterneſs; and concluded with entreating Dr. Orwell to viſit them, and point out to Bridgetina the impropriety of her behaviour towards people whoſe character ſhe repreſented as extremely amiable, and whoſe conduct had in ſome reſpects been highly meritorious. The Doctor readily promiſed compliance with her requeſt, and as ſoon as ſhe departed, haſtened to Harriet's apartment, to talk to her about the propoſals of Carradine.

The

The ſubject did not bear much diſcuſſion. It was decided by Harriet in a moment. Her objections were pointed out with ſo much judgment, and ſupported with ſo much firmneſs, as left no room to expect a change of ſentiment.

"Well, my dear," ſaid the Doctor, "I cannot ſay that I am ſorry for your refuſal of this young man; particularly, as I do not believe your refuſal of him proceeds from any romantic notions of getting a more advantageous propoſal hereafter. If I conſidered marriage as abſolutely neceſſary to your happineſs, I ſhould regret your loſing ſuch an opportunity of eſtabliſhing yourſelf; for with a fortune that will be no more than adequate to your ſupport in a very retired ſituation, ſmall will be your chance of any other offer. But your mind has, I truſt, too much of the dignity of independence, to be abſolutely at the mercy of extrinſic circumſtances for happineſs."

While

While Doctor Orwell was thus converſing with his daughter, her impatient lover, who had left the room on Mrs. Botherim's entrance, in hopes of finding his adorable alone in the drawing-room, went immediately thither in ſearch of her. No one was there but Mrs. Fielding; and Carradine, who had at that time little reliſh for her ſociety, very ſpeedily put an end to his viſit.

His impatience to know how Harriet would receive his propoſals, was quite inſupportable. Still hope predominated; and with ſpirits highly exhilarated, notwithſtanding their agitation, he ſuddenly darted into Henry's apartment, who was ſitting penſive and alone over the dying embers of his fire, the decline of which had entirely eſcaped his obſervation.

"What! moping all alone?" cried Carradine, on entering. "Have you had no viſit from your ſiſter to-day?"

'No, indeed,' returned Henry; 'ſhe, I believe, is aſſiſting Miſs Orwell in making ſome

ſome preparations for this ball, to which they have been invited. You, I ſuppoſe, mean to accompany them?'

"Me! oh, without doubt. I would accompany Miſs Orwell to the end of the world! Is ſhe not a charming creature? Tell me now, Sydney, did you ever ſee a more lovely girl? Don't you think a man might fancy himſelf in paradiſe with ſuch an angel? Oh! if ſhe be ever mine!"

'Your's?' exclaimed Henry, in a voice which his parched tongue could ſcarcely render audible.

"Yes, mine!" gayly anſwered his happy rival. "Perhaps to-day—perhaps in an hour—in leſs than an hour, I may hear from her ſweet lips that I am the happieſt fellow in Chriſtendom! Zounds, Sydney, you have no notion what a happy fellow I ſhall be!"

The elder Mr. Sydney then coming in, excuſed Henry from making any reply. Carradine aſked him, whether he had been

at

at Mrs. Fielding's? To which the old gentleman returned for anſwer, that he had called there to ſpeak with Doctor Orwell, but found him engaged in his daughter's apartment; and as he thought they might be conſulting about ſome family buſineſs, he did not interrupt their *tête-à-tête.*

"Fine old fellow!" cried Carradine. "I ſee he did not loſe a moment. But the conference muſt be over by this time. I fly to know my fate. Good morning." Graſping Henry's hand, which he ſqueezed with great violence, "Dear Sydney, wiſh me ſucceſs!" and then, without making any obſervation on the altered countenance of Sydney, or imagining him in the leaſt intereſted in the ſubject, he precipitately left the room.

No ſooner was Sydney alone with his father, than the latter, obſerving his unuſual gravity, and anxious to amuſe him in the beſt manner poſſible, began to enter into a minute deſcription of a cabinet of natural

natural hiſtory, which he had that morning had the pleaſure of examining. In vain did he give a detail of all the wonders it contained; in vain did he deſcribe, with the moſt minute exactneſs, the diſcriminating marks that diſtinguiſhed the peculiar *genus* of every butterfly and every beetle. The delight he had received, he did not find it in his power to communicate; and he ſaw with regret, that the mind of Henry had not ſufficiently recovered its tone to enter with avidity into this favourite ſubject. So fully was the old gentleman occupied in his deſcription, that it was a conſiderable time before he obſerved the diſtracted and abſent air of his ſon.

At length, having for ſome moments fixed his eyes on Henry's face, "Henry," ſaid he, in a voice full of paternal tenderneſs, "What is the matter with thee, my ſon? I plainly perceive that ſomething has perturbed thy mind. But am I not worthy of thy confidence?"

"You

'You are, you are, ſir,' replied Henry, 'moſt truly worthy of it; but my mind is at preſent in ſuch a diſtracted ſtate, that I can ſcarcely make you comprehend my feelings —this fellow—this Carradine, has undone me!'

"Carradine! did you ſay Carradine? And do you then apprehend any further bad conſequences from the wound? If ſo, let me go inſtantly for the ſurgeon. Not a moment ſhall be loſt. I——"

'Stop, my dear father,' cried Henry, 'Carradine has indeed inflicted a wound that is incurable; but it is beyond the ſurgeon's reach. He has torn my heart, and deprived my life of every hope that was dear to it. Oh! look not on me with contempt, accuſe me not of folly, when I tell you that in Harriet Orwell I had treaſured up the happineſs of my exiſtence!'

"And has Miſs Orwell deceived you? Has ſhe ſcorned your poverty, and forſaken you for a wealthier lover? If ſo, ſhe

ſhe is unworthy of my ſon; ſhe never deſerved to ſhare a heart like thine!"

Though the feelings of Henry would have made his heart believe that Harriet did him injuſtice, reaſon told him ſhe was blameleſs; and love and honour equally impelled him to exculpate her from the charge. He, therefore, with great eagerneſs proceeded to vindicate the conduct of Harriet, and to attribute to his own want of merit, and deficiency in addreſs, the diſappointment that now overwhelmed him. To his father he freely opened his whole heart, and found from his ſoothing and tender ſympathy all the conſolation of which he was at preſent ſuſceptible.

From the mutual confidence eſtabliſhed in the family of the Sydneys, it was rather ſurpriſing that a ſubject which had ſo long engroſſed his mind, ſhould not ſooner have been communicated. His naturally open and generous temper was formed for confidential intercourſe with kindred minds.

minds. He was equally a ſtranger to the coldneſs of reſerve, and the pride of concealment. Whenever he could give pleaſure, or even afford amuſement by what he communicated, he did it with a frankneſs at once ſo natural and ſo engaging, that it endeared him to every heart. It was of ſelfiſh cares and ſelfiſh ſorrows that he was alone a churl. Theſe, which are by moſt young gentlemen deemed the only ſubject of family confidence, Henry often devoured in ſecret, or carefully concealed in the receſſes of his own boſom. The knowledge of his attachment to Harriet would, he knew, create anxiety in the affectionate hearts of his father and ſiſter, to whom his happineſs was too dear to render the completion of his wiſhes an object of indifference. Now that anxiety was loſt in deſpair, he did not ſullenly refuſe the conſolations of ſympathy, but happy in being now able to ſpeak to his beſt friend without reſerve on a ſubject that

that occupied his whole ſoul, he willingly conceded to his propoſal of ſending an apology to Mrs. Fielding's, that he might have his company for the reſt of the evening.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

" Truth weeping tells the mournful tale,
" How pamper'd Lux'ry, Flatt'ry by her ſide,
" The parafite empoiſoning her ear,
" With all the ſervile wretches in the rear,
" Looks o'er proud property extended wide,
" And eyes the ſimple ruſtic mind;
" Whoſe toil upholds the glittering ſhew—
" A creature of *another kind*,
" Some coarſer ſubſtance, unrefin'd,
" *Placed for her lordly uſe, thus far, thus vile below.*"

BURNS.

FEARFUL of meeting with Carradine, and anxious to avoid an interview that muſt have been mutually embarraſſing, Harriet Orwell propoſed accompanying her father on an immediate viſit to Miſs Botherim; and underſtanding that Mrs. Botherim intended calling at their late lodgings, ſhe haſtened thither in hopes of of finding her, while her father wrote a few lines to Carradine, intimating her determined

termined rejection of his ſuit. Doctor Orwell then ſtepped into the carriage which waited for him, and taking up his daughter and Mrs. Botherim at Mrs. Benton's, proceeded with them to the city.

No ſooner were they ſeated in the carriage, than the old lady renewed her lamentations concerning Bridgetina's conduct. "See," ſaid ſhe, preſenting Mrs. Benton's bill to Doctor Orwell, "ſee what a ſum I have juſt now paid for her! But this is nothing! Oh, juſt nothing at all, in compariſon to the diſgrace of pawning her watch! Oh, think of that, Doctor Orwell! Think of that! The very watch that had coſt me ſo many tears to coax from my father on my marriage. Not that I ſhould have cared a pin about it, but that the Miſs Pickles never let alone telling me of the fine things our neighbour, Miſs Dough, the biſcuit-baker's daughter, had got upon her wedding. And my poor dear father, who did not like to ſee me fret, reſolved

that I ſhould be as fine as the beſt of e'm! Little did he think that it was ever to come to a pawnbroker's ſhop!——"

Here the poor lady gave way to a burſt of ſorrow and indignation, which her companions did all in their power to pacify. After it had ſomewhat ſubſided, ſhe thus proceeded: "Nothing could be kinder than our reception from our poor couſins Biggs's; for though they have had a hard ſtruggle with the world, and gone down in fortune, their hearts are as warm and as good as ever. I hoped that Biddy would would have taken to them, and that ſhe would ha' been the better for ſeeing what ſome folks have to do to get through life; but alas! they are not book-learned enough for her. And ſhe looks ſo down upon them that you can't think. But how (ſays I) ſhould they have found time for ſtudy? Couſin Peggy, who is the eldeſt, was but eighteen years of age when her father died. In half a year after his death, their

houſe

houſe was burnt to the ground, and in making their eſcape from a two-pair of ſtairs window their mother's back was broke, ſo that ſhe has been bed-ridden ever ſince; and their brother, then a fine promiſing lad of fourteen, received a hurt upon his head, which reduced him to the condition you now ſee. The poor lad is quite an idiot, and the moſt melancholieſt object in the world. Think, Biddy, (ſays I) think what a charge this was to the poor girls! And do but ſee how they have fulfilled it. Finding what they had left of the wreck of their father's fortune inſufficient for their maintenance, they ſet up a tea-ſhop; and as they were well beloved by all in the neighbourhood, and every one pitied their misfortunes, they ſucceeded wonderfully. But what betwixt their attendance on their mother and on their buſineſs, their time to be ſure has been too fully occupied to have any leiſure for your abſtract reaſoning, as you call it.

They

They cannot talk about *duties*, I muſt own, as fine as you do; for how ſhould they, when their whole lives have been employed in performing them!

" Alas, ſir, I might as well talk to the ſtone wall. Biddy juſt minded me no more than nothing; and when I would make any remark on the kindneſs with which they treated their poor brother, whom they even ſeemed to love the better for the miſfortune that deprived him of the notice of every one beſides; or on their attention to their poor miſerable parent, who has been ſo many years a burthen to them; ſhe ſtops my mouth by aſking, what all this has to do with *General Utility?* Poor thing! I am ſure it was a bad day for her that ever ſhe heard his name; ſo it was!—"

The carriage now drew up at Mrs. Biggs's door; and while Doctor and Miſs Orwell waited in the ſhop, through which lay the only entrance to the apartments, Mrs. Botherim went up to prepare Bridgetina

getina for their reception. The mind of Harriet had been ſo early and ſo deeply embued with a reſpect for virtue, that ſhe could not diveſt herſelf of a degree of reverence in approaching Miſs Biggs, ſuch as no external circumſtance of rank or ſplendour could have excited. She willingly accepted of a ſeat by her, and entered into converſation with a cheerfulneſs and unaffected humility, very different from that ſpecies of condeſcenſion which certain people ſo kindly aſſume, when addreſſing themſelves to thoſe whoſe ſituation is in any reſpect inferior to their own. Their converſation was ſoon interrupted by the entrance of ſome ladies, who iſſued from a ſplendid carriage. Harriet retired to make way for them, while Miſs Biggs ſtood to receive their orders. To her, however, they were in no haſte to ſpeak, but continued their converſation to each other, without deigning to obſerve her.

At length, one of the ladies, ſeeming to recollect herſelf, exclaimed, "La! what a

ſhocking place! I vow I cannot breathe in it a moment longer. I beg, young woman, you would make haſte."

Miſs Biggs modeſtly requeſted to know with what article ſhe would be ſerved?

"Did not I tell you it was Indian toys?" returned the lady; then addreſſing herſelf to one of her companions, "I declare, theſe people in the city are ſo ſtupid, it is quite a bore!"

The counter was by this time covered with various articles of japan, mother-of-pearl, &c. which the ladies examined and cheapened, making ſuch remarks on the replies given to their queſtions, as plainly charged the dealer with want of truth and common honeſty. At length, after they had ſufficiently amuſed themſelves with looking over the things, and were about to depart, the lady firſt-mentioned happened to lift her veil, and diſcovered to Dr. Orwell the face of Mrs. General Villers. She either did not ſee, or pretended

tended not to ſee, the Doctor; and he on his part was, by the ſcene that had juſt occurred, inſpired with ſuch a ſovereign contempt for the actors, that he felt no with to recognize any of them as an acquaintance. When they were gone, he aſked Miſs Biggs if they had really made no purchaſe.

"No, ſir," returned Miſs Biggs, "nor had they the leaſt intention to make any. It is often what we meet with."

'But I hope,' rejoined Dr. Orwell, 'you do not often meet with ſuch unprovoked rudeneſs, ſuch unfeeling inſolence?'

"Oh, yes, ſir," ſaid Miſs Biggs, ſmiling, "people of faſhion reſerve all their good-breeding for their equals; they never conſider their inferiors as entitled to the ſmalleſt ſhare!"

'Then,' ſaid Dr. Orwell, 'people of faſhion know not what true good-breeding is. A conſideration for the feelings of thoſe with whom we converſe, and a quick perception

perception of what thoſe feelings are, is true politeneſs; and thoſe who have it not, whatever be their rank, are *vulgar*.'

"I am afraid, ſir," ſaid Miſs Biggs, "that your definition of politeneſs is not taught at any modern ſchool. At leaſt, if I am to judge from what has fallen under my own obſervation, I ſhould imagine that a conſideration for the feelings of inferiors in any ſituation is thought not only unneceſſary, but abſurd."

'I am ſorry to hear you ſay ſo,' ſaid Harriet, 'as you have ſuch an opportunity for making obſervations upon character, that I cannot doubt the juſtice of your remarks.'

"Yes, Madam," replied Miſs Biggs, "we have indeed an opportunity of obſerving an infinite variety in the tempers and diſpoſitions of thoſe, who to their equals appear uniformly amiable. In the common intercourſe of civilities, little of the real character appears; but if one would

would know the world, it is neceſſary to be dependent."

'Ah!' returned Harriet, 'would the gay and the giddy but bear in their recollection, how often they may be looking down upon their ſuperiors in all that is truly eſtimable, in all that will one day appear ſo even to themſelves, it would check the inſolence of pride, and lower the arrogance of preſumption!'

Mrs. Botherim, who had been all this time aſſiſting Bridgetina to dreſs, now came to lead Dr. and Miſs Orwell to the dining-room. Bridgetina received them coldly, and before they had time to enter into any converſation with her, the poor lad, of whoſe unhappy ſituation Mrs. Botherim had informed them, ran into the room. Harriet was ſhocked at his appearance, but would not ſuffer diſguſt to enter her boſom at the ſight of misfortune incident to humanity. He quickly approached her, and ſeized the large ſun-fan which ſhe held in her hand.

Inſtantly

Inſtantly conquering the involuntary flutter which his ſudden motion had occaſioned, ſhe ſpoke to him with great gentleneſs, offering to teach him how to open and ſhut it. He ſeemed ſenſible of her indulgence, and after playing with it for ſome time, reſtored it with an appearance of great ſatisfaction. His youngeſt ſiſter then came in, and made many apologies for his intruſion. She deſired him (not in the tone of authority, but with the voice of affection) to go with her to their mother's apartment, who was then getting her dinner; and at length, by the promiſe of ſome ſweatmeats which ſhe ſhewed him, prevailed on him to leave the room.

"How amiable," ſaid Harriet, "how reſpectable is the conduct of theſe young women! I ſhall ever eſteem myſelf obliged to Mrs. Botherim for introducing me to their acquaintance."

'And pray,' cried Bridgetina, 'what is the worth about which you make ſuch a mighty

mighty rout? Is not knowledge eſſential to virtue? And what knowledge have they to boaſt of?'

"That knowledge," ſaid Dr. Orwell, "without which all other knowledge is an empty boaſt—*the knowledge of their duty.* The knowledge which leads not to this one point, is to the individual who poſſeſſes it, futile and nugatory."

'And pray,' retorted Bridgetina, 'how is ſociety benefited by the ſort of knowledge you talk of? What is the knowledge good for, that only benefits the individual?'

"Surely," replied Dr. Orwell, "you cannot aſk that queſtion ſeriouſly! The mere knowledge of our duty is, I grant you, of little conſequence, if it do not lead to the practice of it; but when, as in the preſent inſtance, it eminently does ſo, who can ſay how far the benefit may extend? The active virtue of theſe young women, their filial piety, their ſiſterly affection,

fection, their kind and humane attention to their unfortunate brother, and the many ſelf-denials they muſt have undergone in the performance of theſe duties, added to the conſpicuous exertions they have made to enable them to perform them, is ſuch an example of virtue as is not to be contemplated without bettering the heart. Believe me, Miſs Botherim, one ſuch example ſpeaks more home to the feelings, and is of greater conſequence to ſociety, than volumes of philoſophy."

'I truſt,' ſaid Harriet, 'the impreſſion it has made on my heart ſhall never be obliterated.'

"Nor do I make any doubt," continued Dr. Orwell, "that many have viewed it with feelings of a ſimilar nature. Who knows, how often the example of theſe young women may have ſilenced the murmurs of diſcontent? how often it may have produced reflection in the careleſs, and excited gratitude in the unthinking? We commit

commit a great miſtake, when we confine the influence of example to the higher ranks of ſociety. It is an influence of which people in every rank and in every ſituation are in ſome degree poſſeſſed. Happy they who make ſuch an uſe of it as the family of whom we are now ſpeaking."

'You, ſir,' ſaid Bridgetina, 'have ſo many prejudices, that it is impoſſible to argue with you. It may, to be ſure, be very well for old Mrs. Biggs and her ſon, that her daughters were not philoſophers; but you will never make me believe, that if they had been taught "to energize according to the flower and ſummit of their nature," they would not have done more for general utility.'

"And who is this General Utility," cried Mrs. Botherim, "whoſe name is for ever in Biddy's mouth? She is always in a pet when I aſk her, as if I ſhould know all about him as well as ſhe; but I am ſure ſhe may well know I never ſeed a General but General Villers, in all my life!"

'General Utility, my dear Madam,' ſaid Doctor Orwell, ſmiling, 'is an ideal perſonage, a ſort of Will o' the wiſp, whom ſome people go a great way out of the road to find, but ſtill ſee him ſhining in ſome diſtant and unbeaten track; while, if they would keep at home, and look for him in the plain path of chriſtian duty, they would never miſs their aim.'

The entrance of Lady Aldgate and her daughter put an end to the converſation, and gave to Doctor and Miſs Orwell an opportunity, of which they willingly availed themſelves, of taking leave.

CHAP.

CHAPTER X.

" Let reaſon teach, what paſſion fain would hide,
" That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be tied;
" Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
" If angry fortune on their union frown."

LYTTLETON.

GREATLY had the ſanguine ſpirit of Carradine been mortified by the unfavourable report that had been made to him of the ſentiments of his miſtreſs. That report had, however, been given by her father in terms ſo obliging, as, though it greatly damped, did not entirely extinguiſh every hope. Perhaps her heart might be melted by a love-letter. He had heard of ſuch things, and reſolved to try the experiment. Writing, it is true, was not poor Carradine's forte; but taſks more difficult would at this time have appeared

peared trifling to his ardent mind. After ſpending the whole of the evening and great part of the night in writing and re-writing the important ſcroll, he at length produced an epiſtle, which, if not a firſt-rate piece of oratory, contained at leaſt as much good-ſenſe as any love-letter we have ever had the pleaſure of peruſing.

It was received by Harriet at ſuch an early hour, as gave her ſufficient time to anſwer it before breakfaſt. By being delivered in preſence of her friend, it laid her under the neceſſity of breaking the ſilence ſhe had hitherto obſerved to Maria, on the ſubject of Carradine's addreſſes. Superior to that mean vanity which leads little minds to exult in expoſing to the view of others the mortification of a rejected lover, ſhe conſidered every principle of delicacy and honour as engaged in keeping his ſecret. To have made the affections of any human being the object of her ridicule, ſhe would have deemed in the laſt degree

cruel

cruel and unjuſtifiable. The behaviour of many of her companions had, in this particular, appeared odious in her eyes; and ſo far was ſhe from following their example, that till the introduction of Carradine's letter, (when any longer concealment would have worn the appearance of myſtery) ſhe had not even given her boſom-friend a hint upon the ſubject.

In her anſwer to Carradine, ſhe united firmneſs to delicacy, and candour to politeneſs. She did not conſider the circumſtance of her being ſingled out from among her ſex, as the perſon with whom he would wiſh to ſpend his days, as giving her any right to treat him with ſcorn or indignity; but at the ſame time had too much regard for her own honour and his repoſe, to give him a hope which ſhe did not mean to realize.

Poor Carradine had no ſooner diſpatched his letter, than he repented him of his raſhneſs. It then occurred to him, that

through the medium of Mrs. Fielding, he might more effectually have pleaded his cauſe; and the inſtant the idea was ſtarted, he reſolved to purſue it, hoping that the intereſt of Mrs. Fielding might ſtill be ſo far exerted in his favour, as to prevent Miſs Orwell from extinguiſhing his hopes by a poſitive refuſal. He flew to Hanover-ſquare on the inſtant, or rather would have have flown if wings could have been procured, but for theſe a hackney-coach is, alas! a ſorry ſubſtitute. In vain did he ſwear at the coachman, in vain did he anathematize the horſes; neither coachman nor horſes could be prevailed on to keep pace with his impatient ſpirit. At length arrived, he ſprung to the door, and told the ſervant who opened it, that he muſt ſee Mrs. Fielding on a buſineſs of importance immediately.

"My miſtreſs is not yet up," replied the footman; "but if you will ſtep into the breakfaſt-parlour, I dare ſay ſhe will be down in leſs than an hour."

'An hour! 'sdeath, an age! For heaven's ſake, at leaſt deſire her maid to inform her that I am here, and greatly wiſh to ſee her.'

The man obeyed, and in leſs than half an hour Mrs. Fielding was with him. He abruptly informed her of the purport of his viſit, and vehemently beſought her intereſt in his favour; intreating her to go immediately to Miſs Orwell, to urge her to grant him the favour of an interview.

While he yet ſpoke, he heard the voice of Harriet on the ſtairs, and involuntarily opening the door, he ſaw the anſwer to his letter in the hand of the ſervant, to whom Miſs Orwell had juſt delivered it. He impatiently ſnatched it from him, and caſting his eyes over the contents, gave way to an agony of deſpair.

Mrs. Fielding having peruſed the letter, told him, that after ſuch a candid declaration of her ſentiments, it would be offering an inſult to the delicacy of Miſs Orwell to perſevere

perſevere in his ſuit. The woman (ſhe obſerved) who, after ſuch a poſitive rejection, could be flattered into a change of mind, muſt be the imbecile child of vanity. Such, ſhe was certain, was not Harriet Orwell. She therefore adviſed him to bear with manly firmneſs an evil that could not be remedied, and to endeavour by abſence to wear off the impreſſion.

Carradine liſtened to her for a ſhort time in ſilence, and then coldly thanking her for her advice, abruptly took his leave. There was a certain fermenting principle in his mind, which, laying hold of whatever happened to be the preſent object of intereſt, worked it up to ſuch a ſtate of effervescence, as rendered it abſolutely neceſſary for him to have a confidante to receive the overflowings of his heart.

Finding ſolitude intolerable, he bent his way to Henry Sydney, in order to vent to him thoſe feelings of chagrin and diſappointment which he no longer had patience

to

to confine to his own breaſt. Henry was alone, and not (as many of our fair readers doubtleſs will expect) confined to his bed by a relapſe of fever, or raving in a beautiful delirium of deſpair; but penſively ſitting by the fire-ſide with a book in his hand. We are ſenſible that a dangerous fit of illneſs would, in his circumſtances, have been vaſtly more becoming, and much more natural in the hero of a novel. We do not preſume to ſay, that youth and a good conſtitution ought to be admitted as any apology for his perſevering in convaleſcence at ſuch a time, but ſimply own the fact. That he may not, however, entirely loſe the intereſt we hope he has obtained in the hearts of our fair readers, we muſt not omit adding that he looked as melancholy as poſſible. Soon, however, was his melancholy diſſipated by Carradine; who, after a few incoherent ſentences, and as many exclamations, of which Henry could not gueſs the meaning, put into his hands

hands the letter of Harriet, which had been to him as the ſentence of never-ending miſery.

Henry peruſed it with an emotion even ſuperior to his own. "Charming, charming Harriet!" cried he, after having with his eye devoured the contents; "how diſintereſted! how noble! how generous!"

'Generous!' cried Carradine; 'one would think you were glad ſhe had refuſed me!'

"Forgive me, Carradine!" ſaid Henry, offering him his hand; "but you are yourſelf ſo generous and ſo open, that I ſhould hate myſelf if I deceived you. I love Harriet Orwell. I have long loved her. Even from infancy our hearts have been united in the bonds of the tendereſt friendſhip. Want of fortune has alone prevented me from urging her to unite her fate with mine. Judge, then, if I can ſay I am ſorry at a circumſtance which revives my hopes, and raiſes me from the very brink of deſpair!" Carradine

Carradine ſtarted back, and regarded him for a moment with a look of frenzy. Then haſtily turning from him, he ſtrided four or five times up and down the room, and at length retiring to the further window, ſtood for ſome minutes ſilent. Henry reproached himſelf for having inflicted an additional wound in the breaſt of his rival. He was afraid to ſpeak, leſt whatever he ſhould ſay might wear the appearance of triumphing in his diſappointment. The ſilence was at length broken by Carradine, who coming up to Henry, and taking the hand he had before rejected, 'Sydney,' ſaid he, 'you are a happy fellow! but don't think me the wretch to repine at your felicity. No. If I had known you had a prior claim to her affections, curſe me if I would have interfered with it. I would periſh ſooner than do any thing ſo baſe!'

Henry ſpoke the effuſions of his heart, in giving him the praiſe his generoſity ſo truly merited; and aſſured him, that though her

refuſal

refuſal of an offer ſo advantageous, from a character ſo unexceptionable, gave him ſome cauſe for hope, he was far from being certain of ſucceſs. So well, in the converſation that enſued, did Henry manage the ardent temper of Carradine, that he left him in a great meaſure reconciled to a diſappointment, which, but an hour before, he had conſidered in the light of an event that was to tinge the colour of his future days with miſery.

The recovery of Henry was now ſo rapid, that on the very following day he ſurpriſed his friends by an unexpected viſit. Though dinner had been ſome time over, the ladies had not yet retired to the drawing-room, when Henry made his appearance. Mrs. Fielding received him with joy, and welcomed his return with an embrace that ſpoke the feelings of maternal affection.

"Thank Heaven! that my brother, my dear brother is again reſtored to us!" exclaimed

claimed Maria, affectionately retaining one hand, while Dr. Orwell and Mr. Churchill alternately took the other. Harriet alone did not advance to meet him in the general joy; her voice only was unheard, but the congratulations which her faltering tongue could not pronounce, beamed from her eyes in a look of ineffable delight, while pleaſure and ſurpriſe ſuffuſed her glowing cheek with crimſon. When he came up to where ſhe ſtood, ſhe held out her hand with a complacency which ſeemed to aſſure Henry that his preſence did not diſpleaſe her; and though the few words ſhe ſtammered out were perfectly unintelligible to every one beſides, it would appear that he ſufficiently underſtood their meaning.

The remainder of the evening was excluſively devoted to friendſhip; Mrs. Fielding giving orders that no viſitor ſhould be admitted to intrude upon the ſocial circle. And though neither cards nor ſcandal were introduced, we do not find that time

appeared

appeared particularly tedious to any of the party.

While Henry was again enjoying a happineſs, rendered doubly dear to him from the ſufferings he had lately endured, his father, full of anxious ſolicitude for his felicity, was making every effort to render it complete. He took the earlieſt opportunity of informing Doctor Orwell of his ſon's attachment to his daughter, and found the Doctor more pleaſed than ſurpriſed at the information. He had in truth long ago obſerved the growing paſſion; and as it was the happineſs, not the affluence, of his child, that was the object of his wiſhes, nothing was more deſirable in his eyes than to behold her united to a man of Henry's ſenſe and virtue.

Since the time that theſe old gentlemen had entered into the married ſtate, they had lived ſo ſecluded from the world, that the rapid progreſs of luxury had almoſt eſcaped their obſervation. In an humble mediocrity

mediocrity of fortune they had themſelves found happineſs; and it did not readily enter into their imaginations to conceive, why beginning the world with a ſpendid eſtabliſhment was more neceſſary to their children than it had been to themſelves. To the mind of Mr. Sydney, a monopoly of wealth and power appeared an evil of mighty magnitude; and far from wiſhing his children to become acceſſaries in continuing a ſyſtem, to which, in his opinion, might be fairly attributed the greater part of the miſeries that have ſcourged the human race, he had laboured to impreſs their minds with a ſenſe of its turpitude and injuſtice. Political ſcience had long been his favourite ſtudy; and though a perfect equality of conditions he conſidered to be impracticable and abſurd, the advantage that would reſult to ſociety from ſuch a diſſemination of the wealth of a country as ſhould render the extremes of wealth and poverty unknown, appeared to him

ſo

ſo obvious, that he wondered how it could eſcape the obſervation of an enlightened mind. He had himſelf written a tract upon the ſubject, which he addreſſed to the great landed proprietors of Great-Britain; clearly demonſtrating it to be their bounden duty, by making an equal diviſion of their property among their children, to begin that gradual and rational reform, which would ultimately be productive of an increaſe of public happineſs and virtue.

Doctor Orwell, though leſs inclined to abſtract ſpeculation than his friend, perfectly coincided with him in principle. With reſpect to the happineſs of their children, their ſentiments were in uniſon; and to promote their union, they readily agreed to give up, on both ſides, ſuch a part of their preſent income as they deemed ſufficient to eſtabliſh the young people in ſome degree of comfort.

The reſult of their communications was immediately communicated to Henry by his father,

father, who informed him, that he was now at full liberty to diſcloſe his ſentiments to Harriet, ſince the conſent of her father had given a ſanction to his wiſhes.

With ſome confuſion Henry was obliged to confeſs, that he had anticipated the permiſſion ſo graciouſly beſtowed. Harriet was already miſtreſs of every ſecret of his heart. Attracted by the ſound of the harpſichord to Mrs. Fielding's muſic-room, he had there found Harriet alone; the opportunity was irreſiſtible. The apprehenſion of her father's diſpleaſure, the threatened loſs of Mrs. Fielding's friendſhip, the imprudence of marrying without a fortune, all were at that moment forgotten; and the dread of ſuffering from the horrid idea of another and perhaps more fortunate rival appeared to him a conſideration paramount to every other. His father liſtened to his apology with a ſmile, that told him he had no great difficulty in pronouncing his pardon. He moreover promiſed to

ſpeak

ſpeak to Mrs. Fielding on the ſubject, and hoped to avert her diſpleaſure at ſuch a very direct breach of her injunctions.

Mr. Sydney was as good as his word; he told her of the plan agreed to by Dr. Orwell and himſelf for the union of their families, and begged to have her opinion concerning it.

"I muſt ſpeak to Miſs Orwell on the ſubject, before I can reply to your queſtion," ſaid Mrs. Fielding; and ſtepping to the next room, where ſhe knew Harriet was then employed in writing to her ſiſter, "I come, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "to ſpeak to you on matters of ſuch importance to your happineſs, that I ſhall not apologize for interrupting you." Harriet, anticipating the ſubject on which ſhe intended to interrogate her, bowed in ſome confuſion. Mrs. Fielding proceeded—"I am afraid you will ſet me down for an intermeddling old woman; but I do aſſure you, it is not from the deſire of gratifying an old-maidiſh curioſity,

curioſity, that I am prompted to aſk you ſome queſtions, which, I hope, you will have the good-nature to forgive, and the ingenuouſneſs to anſwer."

Harriet again bowed aſſent.

"The reaſons you gave me for refuſing the addreſſes of Mr. Carradine, were all calculated to do you honour. They were ſuch as I could not but approve; but tell me, my dear, was there no other little lurking motive? Ah! that bluſh is a ſufficient reply, and I ſhall require no other. Had Henry Sydney a fortune equal to Carradine's, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed at your preferring him; but, my dear Miſs Orwell, do you conſider what you are about to do? Have you duly weighed the conſequences?"

'I hope I have, Madam; but if you ſee any objections—if you—pray, go on; I ſhall be much obliged to you for your opinion and advice.'

Mrs. Fielding reſumed:—"Though we are all poor dependents on futurity, and though

though it be our ſanguine hope of future felicity that makes up the greater part of our preſent enjoyment, yet do we almoſt always err by making the eſtimate of that felicity from preſent feeling. While inſpired by youthful paſſion, we think that love alone will conſtitute the happineſs of our future days; the evils of poverty are then deſpiſed, and when viewed at a diſtance are perhaps converted by fancy into a charming addition to romantic tenderneſs. If imagination have thus deceived you, let me beg of you, before it is too late, to diſmiſs the vain illuſion, and take a real view of the cares and vexations that may await you."

'I am fully ſenſible of the truth of all you have ſaid,' returned Harriet, 'as well as of your goodneſs in reminding me of it. The ſubject is not new to my reflections; if I had been brought up in the lap of luxury and ſloth, or accuſtomed to place my happineſs in the gratification of vanity, I

am aware of the miſery that would await a change of circumſtances. But all my habits have been thoſe of active induſtry, and all my hopes of happineſs been taught to reſt in the boſom of domeſtic peace. For myſelf I have therefore nothing to fear; but for Henry—'

"You are a charming girl!" cried Mrs. Fielding, tenderly embracing her, "and truly deſerving of the happineſs that I hope awaits you. But here comes Henry, and I muſt now talk a little with him; ſo pray ſtep into the next room for a few minutes. "Well, ſir," continued Mrs. Fielding, addreſſing herſelf to Henry as Harriet retired, "I ſee the friendſhip of an old woman is not ſo valuable in your eyes as the affections of a young one. Nay, nay, don't offer any apology, you muſt hear me out. I told you, I never ſhould conſent to your marrying without a fortune adequate to your ſupport; and I ſhall keep my word. Here," continued ſhe, taking a bundle of

papers from her pocket, and preſenting them to Henry, "on peruſing theſe you will perceive, that I then addreſſed myſelf to a man who was his own maſter. Forgive me for having prolonged the term of your probation, but I too well knew the danger of habits of luxury and diſſipation, not to wiſh to ſave the child I had adopted from their dominion. It was on this account I directed you to the choice of a profeſſion, which, while it afforded an immediate object to your mind, and prevented the ruſt of idleneſs from corroding your faculties, put it in your power to be uſeful to your fellow-creatures. The man without employment is a cipher in ſociety; dependent upon others for an adventitious value, he is in himſelf contemptible. May you, my ſon, (for as ſuch I ſhall ever conſider you) ſo employ your fortune and your talents, as to make them inſtrumental to your eternal happineſs; and in the dear girl you have choſen for a wife, may you

receive

receive as great a reward as this world can bestow. So God bless you!"

Henry seized the hand that she held out to him, and involuntarily dropping on his knees, pressed it to his lips. His emotion was too great for utterance; and Mrs. Fielding, wishing to escape the effusions of his gratitude, immediately left the room.

It was some time before Henry could sufficiently compose himself to proceed to the examination of the papers she had left with him; when he did, he found a deed of gift for ten thousand pounds, made on the day he had attained his fifth year. The sum had been at that period lodged in the hands of trustees, who received the interest, which they laid out in the funds, and regularly accounted for the stock thus accumulated. The principal was now, even after deducting the two hundred a year allowed for his education nearly doubled; so that he saw himself in possession of one thousand pounds a year, independent of his profession.

Harriet

Harriet, who had in the adjoining apartment watched the departure of Mrs. Fielding, and expected Henry would inſtantly join her, was not a little diſappointed at his delay. She began to perſuade herſelf that the arguments urged by prudence had prevailed upon his mind, and that he, perhaps, at that moment was ſtruck with repentance for the raſhneſs of his declaration. A ſmall ſpark of latent pride began to operate upon her mind. She would no longer be the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; ſhe would free him from the fetters of an engagement, of which it was plain he already began to feel the weight. Impreſſed with this idea, ſhe gently opened the door that ſeparated the two apartments: the firſt view ſhe took of Henry confirmed her ſuſpicions; but the firſt ſentence he uttered baniſhed them from her heart for ever!

CHAP. XI.

"Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
"Who the ſame end purſued by different ways?
"One pity'd, one condemn'd, the woeful times;
"One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes."

DRYDEN'S TRANS. OF JUV. SAT. X. 28.

AS lovers are, of all people in the world, thoſe whoſe company we have found moſt inſupportably inſipid, we ſhall not tire our readers by confining them to it for too great a length of time, but briefly inform them, that Mr. Churchill, having found in the charms of Maria a conſolation for his late diſappointment, obtained her father's conſent to lead her to the altar at the ſame time that Henry and his bride were to exchange their vows. While the preparations were going on for the

the double nuptials, Dr. Orwell found it neceſſary to return to W——, but propoſed coming up with his youngeſt daughter before the ceremony took place. Mr. Sydney, having procured a young clergyman to officiate in his abſence, readily conſented to remain in London till he could be accompanied to the country by his children. While fixing on houſes for their future reſidence, giving directions about repairs, purchaſing furniture, plate, &c. occupied the mornings of the young people, Mr. Sydney employed his at the Muſeums of Natural Hiſtory, which particularly attracted his attention. In theſe he found a never-failing ſource of amuſement, and was only mortified on perceiving the little intereſt the young people ſeemed to take in his elaborate deſcriptions. Even Maria, who in the country had liſtened to the ſubject with ſo much complacency, had apparently loſt much of her reliſh for plants and butterflies, ſince her reſidence in London.

don. Hoping, however, that her taſte was not as yet quite loſt, he one day brought her home a ſmall chryſalis of uncommon beauty, with which a friend had preſented him; while ſhe complacently expreſſed her admiration, Churchill entered the room, and perceiving how ſhe was engaged, peeped over her ſhoulder at the object of her contemplation.

"Is it not very beautiful?" ſaid ſhe, looking up to him with an enchanting ſmile.

'It is, indeed,' replied he, daſhing with his finger and thumb the little chryſalis into the fire, but ſtill keeping his eyes fixed upon the paper.

"Bleſs me!" exclaimed Maria, "what have you done? Where is the chryſalis? Why did you throw it away?"

'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid Mr. Sydney, gravely, 'I ſhall take care how I permit ſuch a treaſure to come into your way again.'

"What have I done?" cried Churchill in amazement; "of what treaſure do you ſpeak?

ſpeak? I have not ſurely injured the poem Maria was looking at, which, if not a firſt-rate performance, is certainly not deſtitute of merit, if there be merit in truth."

Maria, though vexed at the mortification it occaſioned her father, could ſcarcely forbear laughing at her lover's miſtake. The chryſalis was happily not irrecoverably loſt. After having carefully picked it from the aſhes, and reſtored to him who beſt knew its value, ſhe examined the lines that had attracted the attention of Mr. Churchill, and at his requeſt read them aloud.

TO SELFISHNESS.

NO, Selfiſhneſs! thou art not Nature's child!
Of proud and pamper'd Lux'ry thou wer't born!
Not in the rural vale, or deſart wild,
But 'mid thoſe poliſh'd ſcenes where Plenty pours her horn.

Behold that youth, in whoſe ſoul-beaming eye
Sits Sympathy, and each affection kind;
His boſom ſwells with Pity's tender ſigh,
And at another's bliſs warm glows his gen'rous mind.

No cold diſtruſt has ever chill'd his heart,
No blank reſerve his truth-taught lips hath ſeal'd;
Ardent he ſeeks his feelings to impart,
And to the friend he loves his inmoſt ſoul's reveal'd.

Is there who cheer'd him in the hour of woe,
Who from his eyes has wip'd Affliction's tear?
Pure Gratitude's full ſtream doth ceaſeleſs flow,
Enhancing, as it runs, each obligation dear.

Doth rude Neceſſity's imperious law
In toilſome buſineſs half his hours employ?
From ſleep, from paſtime, ſtill he time can draw,
To aid the precious fund of dear domeſtic joy.

His

His ſoul a ſiſter's fond affection charms,
He joys to meet maternal love's mild beam;
The bliſs of bleſſing all his boſom warms,
And dear doth his pure heart the ſocial circle deem.

Such is the youth in Nature's boſom bred,
While yet a ſtranger to the poliſh'd world;
Behold him now in Faſhion's gay walks tread,
And in the vortex vile of Diſſipation whirl'd.

As Knareſborough's rills* arreſt the ſilken zone,
And drop by drop inſidious works its change,
Till the gay flutt'rer, ſtiff'ning into ſtone,
In form alone eſcapes the transformation ſtrange:

So love of Pleaſure by degrees devours
Each nobler, finer feeling of the heart;
So Pride and Vanity's transforming pow'rs
Doth callous Selfiſhneſs e'en to its core impart.

See him, who erſt with Sympathy's warm zeal
Explor'd the rhet'rick of the aſking eye;
Who with the poor would ſhare his ſcanty meal,
And at ſoft Pity's call could his own wants deny;

Now preſs'd by wants that Nature never knew,
(Fantaſtic wants! imperious as vain)
He for himſelf finds Fortune's gifts too few,
Nor at ſoft Pity's call will one wild wiſh reſtrain.

---

* Alluding to the petrifaction of ribbons ſo quickly effected by the Dropping-Well of Knareſborough.

He, whoſe warm heart with ſympathetic glow
Shar'd all the boſom-feelings of a friend,
Now in gay crowds, or at the public ſhew,
In heartleſs, joyleſs pomp prefers his hours to ſpend.

No more the ſocial fire-ſide circle charms,
No more a mother's ſmiles he joys to meet;
Fraternal love no more his boſom warms;
Nor thoughts of giving joy imparts one rapture ſweet.

No, Selfiſhneſs! thou art not Nature's child!
Of proud and pamper'd Lux'ry thou wer't born!
Not in the rural vale or deſart wild,
But in thoſe poliſh'd ſcenes where Plenty pours her horn.

Though the name of Carradine was never mentioned at Mrs. Fielding's, he was not forgotten by any of the party. The generous heart of Henry felt for the mortification of his rival, and finding that he did not come again to him, he took the earlieſt opportunity of calling at his lodgings. He there learned that Carradine had ſet off for Bath the day after he had laſt ſeen him, and from thence he ſoon after received from him the following letter:

"MY

"MY DEAR SYDNEY,

"IMMEDIATELY on leaving you, I met with a party of friends, who, like myſelf, were on the wing for India; but as the fleet will not be ready to ſail for a few weeks, they reſolved to take a daſh to Bath in the interim. I liked the thought, and was glad to accompany them; and here we are beating about like ſo many ſpaniels in a rabbit-warren. No ceſſation from amuſement. Morning, noon, and night, all here are on the ſcent of pleaſure; but for what is called *pleaſure* I find I have loſt ſomewhat of my reliſh, for I now find living in a crowd to be abominably inſipid. Poor Doctor Orwell was ſhocked at the idea of girls of character going to the Indian market; but had he come to Bath, he might have beheld a perpetual fair, where every ball-room may be conſidered as a booth for the diſplay of beauty to be diſpoſed of to the higheſt matrimonial

trimonial bidder. Having been introduced to ſome very pleaſant fellows, all of them men of large fortune and high connections, I have through them had an opportunity of making what acquaintance I choſe. The mothers have all ſmiled upon me, and I have had no reaſon to complain of my reception from the daughters. I have admired the beauty of ſeveral, and do not know, had it been leſs preſſed upon my obſervation, what effect it might have had upon my heart. But what one ſees morning, noon, and night, ſoon ceaſes to intereſt; and in a ſociety where intimacy takes place without acquaintance, the mind can never rivet the chain which is forged by the ſenſes.

"Harriet Orwell would not, I think, like Bath. No; ſhe likes *converſation*, and here is only *talk*. But were Harriet Orwell here, ſhe would, I make no doubt, ſoon diſcover ſome congenial ſouls, who form a more rational ſociety than that which

which has come within the ſphere of my obſervation. But why do I mention Harriet Orwell? Why to ſhew you that I can do it without pain; and to convince you that my heart has been made the better, and not the worſe, for its admiration of excellence.

"From the tenor of my letter, you will perceive that this trip has been of uſe to my ſpirits, and if you are the generous fellow I take you for, you will entirely reſtore them. To do this, you muſt permit me to contribute to your happineſs. I am at preſent looking out for ſome perſon in whoſe hands I can depoſit two thouſand pounds. It is the remainder of the ſum I brought with me from India. I am perfectly careleſs about the intereſt, nor would the loſs of the principal affect me; ſo that it is no compliment to ſay that the uſe of it is very much at your ſervice. I hate the lawyers, and am an enemy to the ſtamp-act; I ſhall therefore have nothing to ſay to bonds or parchments, but leave you to manage

manage the ſum I have mentioned entirely as you pleaſe, till my return to Europe; and am, &c. &c.

"BASIL CARRADINE."

The reader's heart, if he have one, will be at no loſs to ſuggeſt the reply which Henry made to the friendly offer of his truly generous rival. Another letter of the ſame date, received from Dr. Orwell, aſſigned to him a taſk of a more unpleaſant nature. Tidings of Mr. Glib's having been arreſted and thrown into priſon had reached W——; and the good Doctor, who never remembered the faults of the unfortunate, entreated his friends to intereſt themſelves in his behalf, and if poſſible, to extricate him from the horrors of confinement.

Following the directions they had received, Mr. Sydney and his ſon proceeded to Newgate; where, in a gloomy and deſolate apartment, they found the unhappy Glib,

Glib, a prey to the moſt abject dejection. The flippancy of his manner was now exchanged for an air of deſpondency, which, however, a little brightened up on being informed of the purport of their viſit. In order to know how far there was a poſſibility of ſerving him, it was neceſſary to have an accurate account of the ſtate of his affairs; in giving which he was obliged to confeſs himſelf the dupe of Vallaton, againſt whom he now poured forth all the bitterneſs of invective.

Mr. Sydney was at much pains to turn the current of his wrath from the man to the principles on which he acted; theſe the old gentleman was at great pains to pourtray in their proper colours. What he learned from Glib of the conduct of Vallaton, impreſſed him with a deep ſorrow for the fate of poor Julia, and gave him a freſh anxiety concerning her ſituation; and finding that Glib, though he could not himſelf furniſh any information

concerning

concerning them, ſuſpected Mr. Myope of being acquainted with the place of their concealment, he reſolved immediately to apply to that gentleman on the ſubject.

While Henry remained, to take in writing the ſtatement which Glib had given of his affairs, his father proceeded to Myope's lodgings, and had the good fortune of finding him at home, and alone. He introduced himſelf without difficulty, but found the philoſopher very little inclined to gratify him on the ſubject of his enquiries. After receiving ſome evaſive anſwers to his plain queſtions, Mr. Sydney with ſome indignation ſaid, "After the accounts I have juſt received from a perſon whom the perfidious villainy of this man has involved in ruin, I cannot wonder that he ſhould ſkulk in concealment; but from you, ſir, I ſhould expect better than to protect a man who, as far as I can learn, has acted like a ſcoundrel in every thing."

'Scoundrels, ſir,' ſaid Mr. Myope, 'are frequently, indeed almoſt always, men of talents; and great talents are great energies; and great energies cannot but flow from a powerful ſenſe of fitneſs and juſtice. You allude, I ſuppoſe, to Mr. Vallaton's conduct as treaſurer to the Hottentotian committee, from which conduct Mr. Glib has been a ſufferer. But, ſir, Mr. Vallaton no doubt perceived a degree of fitneſs in appropriating thoſe ſums to himſelf, which a man of more confined intellect might not have diſcovered.'

"Is it poſſible, ſir," cried Mr. Sydney, "that a man of your ſeeming gravity can be the apologiſt of ſuch crimes?"

'There is no ſuch thing as crime,' replied Myope; 'and though Mr. Vallaton may, perhaps, in ſome inſtances, have acted erroneouſly, yet it is inconteſtibly proved, that as a man of talents he cannot be deſtitute of virtue.'

"The Devil himſelf is repreſented as poſſeſſed of talents," returned Mr. Sydney,

"and of him the doctrines you have mentioned are truly worthy."

'The Devil!' rejoined Mr. Myope; 'why, my dear ſir, the Devil is the firſt of heroes! I cannot conceive a greater compliment than to be compared to the Devil. You do not know in what high eſtimation his character is held by modern philoſophers. It is poſſible that his energies, like thoſe of Mr. Vallaton, centered too much in perſonal regards; but take him all in all, his is the firſt of imaginary characters that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Oh, the virtues of the Devil are ineſtimable!'

"Mr. Vallaton has indeed proved a very cloſe imitator of the arch apoſtate," ſaid Mr. Sydney; "and I am afraid Miſs Delmond, like our general mother, will find that ſhe has liſtened to the voice of this black ſeducer, to be

"Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs."

Can you, ſir, inform me, (for, from the infamous

infamous character of the man, I have my doubts) whether he and Miſs Delmond are really married?"

'I cannot ſpeak to a certainty,' replied Myope; 'but all I can ſay is, that I do not think Mr. Vallaton a man likely to ſanction by his example an inſtitution ſo immoral and injurious to the intereſts of ſociety.'

Mr. Sydney looked aghaſt. "Is it poſſible," cried he, "that vice ſhould thus audaciouſly aſſume the name of virtue?"

'And pray, ſir,' returned Myope, 'what is virtue, but another name for happineſs? Is not happineſs the only true end of exiſtence?'

"That happineſs is the only true end of exiſtence, I grant you," ſaid Mr. Sydney; "and if you can point out a ſingle inſtance where an increaſe of happineſs has been the reſult of this new ſyſtem of morals, I ſhall allow your argument to have ſome weight."

'The new morality is too ſublime for the preſent depraved and diſtempered ſtate of human

human ſociety,' rejoined Mr. Myope. 'The experiments that have been made in it have been rather premature, and therefore cannot be expected to have been followed with advantageous conſequences to the individuals, who have nobly ſtemmed the torrent of prejudice to make them.'

"A proof to me," replied Mr. Sydney, "of the ſuperiority of thoſe principles which are adapted to every ſtate of ſociety, and to every circumſtance in which a human being can be placed; which, by governing the paſſions and regulating the affections of the heart, bring peace to the ſoul, and are equally calculated for enhancing the enjoyment of proſperity by preſerving from its temptations, and of allaying the bitterneſs of adverſity by ſaving from deſpair."

A contemptuous ſmile, which overſpread the countenance of Mr. Myope as Mr. Sydney pronounced the laſt ſentence, indicated a ſneering reply; but a letter, which was at that moment put into his hands by his

his ſervant, gave a new expreſſion to every feature, and for the ſupercilious ſmile of ſcorn, ſubſtituted the frown of fury and revenge. 'Vallaton is indeed a villain,' exclaimed he, ſtamping his foot in a paroxyſm of rage. 'Inſidious ſerpent! *He* ſeduce my Emmeline! *He* entice her to leave me in this manner! Ungrateful wretch! To act thus by *me!* It is intolerable!' In this incoherent manner did he run on for ſome time, before Mr. Sydney could at all comprehend the cauſe of his inquietude. At length, however, he diſcovered that Mr. Vallaton had that morning ſet off for France with the *Goddeſs of Reaſon*; of whom it now appeared he had long been the favoured lover.

It may perhaps be expected, that Mr. Sydney ſhould with avidity avail himſelf of ſo favourable an opportunity of triumphing in the diſcomfiture of an opponent; ſo far, however, was Mr. Sydney from doing ſo, that the expreſſions which would ſo natu-

rally

rally have ſlid to the tongue of many good people in ſimilar circumſtances, never once found their way to his. Obſerving the mind of Mr. Myope too much agitated for a diſcuſſion on principles, he only ſtaid with him until he obtained an addreſs to the lodgings Vallaton had lately occupied: and thither the old gentleman inſtantly hurried, in hopes of gaining ſome information concerning the injured and now forſaken Julia. His ſolicitude was fruitleſs. Vallaton and Julia had left theſe lodgings a fortnight, nor could the people of the houſe furniſh him with any clue to their next place of abode. Oppreſſed by fatigue, and overwhelmed with regret, he returned to Mrs. Fielding's, where happineſs beamed on every countenance, and the ſweet flutterings of youthful hope, or the more delicious feelings of internal ſatisfaction, dwelt in every heart. In the contemplation of ſuch a ſcene every ſelfiſh ſorrow would have been annihilated. The

heart

heart of Mr. Sydney ſwelled with gratitude to the Giver of all good, for making him a witneſs of the happineſs of his children, but had been too deeply wounded in the courſe of the morning to admit of an immediate return of its wonted ſerenity.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XII.

" Then gently ſcan your brother man,
" Still gentler, ſiſter woman;
" Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
" To ſtep aſide is human.

" Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
" Decidedly can try us;
" He knows each *chord*, its *various tone*;
" Each ſpring, its various bias.

" Then at the balance let's be mute,
" *We never can adjuſt it*;
" What's done we partly may compute,
" *But never what's reſiſted*."

BURNS.

BY the zeal of Mr. Sydney, the liberality of Mrs. Fielding, and the active exertions of Henry, the affairs of Mr. Glib were put into ſuch a train, that in the courſe of a few days he was ſet at liberty. Putting himſelf under the direction of his benefactors, and abjuring all connexion with his former aſſociates, he ſet out for W——,

W——, to re-enter upon the poſſeſſion of his houſe and ſhop; to re-aſſemble his children round his own fire-ſide; and to receive back his repentant wife, who, now forſaken by her gallant, was left a prey to the miſeries of poverty, or the ſtill greater miſeries of vice. Having been mutually to blame, Mr. Sydney ſtrongly recommended to them the duty of mutual forgiveneſs; and ſuch weight had his advice, from the acts of beneficence with which it was prefaced, that they did not ſcruple to adopt it. New ideas of duty, and new perceptions of happineſs, began to open on their minds; attention to buſineſs occupied the hours that had formerly been devoted to the ſtudy of new theories in philoſophy; and inſtead of deſcanting on general utility, they now ſeriouſly applied themſelves to the education of their own children.

Glib, being now convinced that there is no immorality in gratitude, ſcruples not to declare,

declare, that he owes to his benefactors not only the re-eſtabliſhment of his credit, but the exiſtence of his happineſs. Nor let the proud reader murmur at our thus tranſgreſſing the order of our hiſtory to give this concluding ſketch of the adventures of a ſimple tradeſman. It is the affected prerogative of ſelfiſh proſperity to conſider as mere automatons all who move not in its own exalted ſphere; but it is the privilege of philoſophy to view human nature from a ſtill more lofty eminence, from which the paltry diſtinctions of ſituation are loſt to the eye, and the intereſts of humanity aſſert an equal claim to the feelings of the heart.

To return to our narrative. The preparations for the nuptials were now completed; the day fixed on for their celebration was at hand. It was expected by the parties with that chaſtened hope, which in well-regulated minds attends the often-clouded proſpect of earthly felicity. They

felt

felt the fullneſs of ſatisfaction, but were taught by reaſon to ſet bounds to the wild extravagance of joy.

The friendſhip of the two young ladies, which had been knit by a ſympathy of taſte and ſentiment, was ſtrengthened by a ſimilarity of ſituation; nor would the happineſs of either have been complete, if it had not been ſhared by the other.

"Surely," ſaid Harriet, one day that ſhe was ſitting alone with her friend, "ſurely, Maria, we are highly favoured of Heaven; if our gratitude were proportioned to its gifts, I believe we ſhould do nothing but pray and ſing pſalms from morning to night. Well, I wiſh to God that all the world were as happy as we are!"

'And that wiſh, my dear girl,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding, who then entered the room, 'is of itſelf a ſong of thankſgiving more acceptable than a thouſand pſalms. But where is Henry? I have got ſome buſineſs for him, and expected to find him here.'

"He

"He will be here ſoon, I will anſwer for him," ſaid Maria, "here he is."

'Here, however,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding, 'I cannot at preſent permit him to remain.'

She then put into his hands a billet ſhe had juſt received from the matron of her aſylum, informing her of the admiſſion of an unfortunate young woman, who was ſo very ill as to require immediate medical aſſiſtance. Her appearance, ſhe added, was extremely intereſting, and plainly indicated ſomething very ſuperior to her preſent ſituation.

'Come,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding, when Henry had read the note, 'let us haſten to this poor unfortunate. The carriage is already at the door; and not to mortify you too much by taking you away, the girls ſhall accompany us. What ſay you, ladies, to my propoſal?'

Their aſſent was readily accorded, and the coachman, obeying the orders of his miſtreſs, drove full ſpeed to the aſylum.

On

On alighting, the young ladies went into the work-room, where they were already known and beloved; while Mrs. Fielding and Henry followed the matron to the chamber of the young ſtranger. There, reclining on the bed in a ſtate of almoſt torpid inſenſibility, they beheld a young perſon, whoſe face was concealed from view by a maſs of pale brown hair, which, uncombed and unarranged, flowed over it in wild diſorder. The inimitable beauty of her hand and arm attracted their inſtant obſervation; Henry gazed for a moment in ſilence, and then ſuddenly advancing, "Is it poſſible?" cried he, in a ſmothered tone, "Is it Miſs Delmond, Julia Delmond! that I ſee thus?"

At the ſound of that name ſhe haſtily raiſed her head; and with a wild and ſudden motion putting back her hair, franticly gazed on Henry for a moment, then uttering a loud ſcream, fainted away.

When ſhe recovered, ſhe found herſelf ſupported in the arms of Mrs. Fielding, and

her face bathed with the tears which fell faſt from that good lady's eyes. 'Where am I?' cried ſhe, in a quick and hurried voice. 'And who are you? And why do you weep? Did *you* know my father? But be comforted; *you* did not kill him; you did not break his heart. Ah! no, no, no!' Then ſtriking her hand againſt her forehead, ſhe hid her face in Mrs. Fielding's boſom.

"Do not afflict yourſelf thus, my dear child," ſaid Mrs. Fielding; "you are ill, and muſt take care of yourſelf; and here is your old friend and phyſician, Doctor Sydney, who begs leave to attend you, and I dare ſay will join with me in intreating you to diſmiſs every uneaſy thought from your mind. You are not among ſtrangers, but ſurrounded by your beſt and moſt affectionate friends."

'Yes,' ſaid Dr. Sydney, affectionately taking her hand, 'yes, dear Miſs Delmond, you do not know how much pleaſure your recovery will give to many hearts.'

A deep

A deep ſigh burſt from her boſom, but as if afraid to look on Henry, ſhe clung to Mrs. Fielding, to conceal her face from his obſervation.

"Perhaps," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, "Miſs Delmond would better like to ſee her friend Harriet Orwell."

'Harriet Orwell!' repeated Miſs Delmond; 'ah! no, no, Harriet Orwell would now diſdain to look on the poor forlorn Julia!'

"My Julia! my dear Julia! my ſweet friend!" cried Harriet, who had only waited for a ſignal to approach her, and claſping her in her arms, imprinted an affectionate kiſs on her pale cheek: "Never, never will your friend Harriet forſake you!" Sighs and tears choked her utterance; while Julia, with all the ſtrength ſhe had left, ſtrained her to her boſom. She attempted to ſpeak, but voice was denied her; the words died away upon her parched and pallid lips, and again ſhe was near fainting,

fainting, when a timely ſhower of tears ſeemed in ſome meaſure to relieve her ſwollen heart.

It was the relief of nature, and her friends were too judicious to ſeek to ſtop the ſalutary effuſion. Harriet, indeed, ſhed tear for tear; and Maria, who ſtood at a diſtance, apprehenſive of overpowering the poor timid mourner, by the appearance of ſo many people at once, had her full ſhare of the affecting ſcene.

At length Mrs. Fielding obſerved, that they muſt not too far indulge their feelings. That ill as Miſs Delmond evidently was, ſhe thought ſhe might now be removed to her houſe without danger. "And when there," ſaid ſhe, "I hope, under the care of ſo many kind nurſes, ſhe will ſoon be well. Come, my love," ſhe added, kindly preſſing Julia's hand, "do not too much give way to this emotion, but let me prevail upon you to rally your exhauſted ſpirits, and to take ſome refreſhment to enable you to bear the fatigue of the ride." Again

Again Julia attempted to ſpeak, but her words were not yet audible. With difficulty ſhe ſwallowed the cordial Dr. Sydney had ordered, which ſeeming to reſtore ſome degree of animation to her languid frame, Mrs. Fielding took the opportunity of again urging their immediate departure. Henry begged leave to ſupport her to the carriage. 'And I too,' ſaid Harriet, putting her arm round her waiſt, 'I too will be the ſupporter of my dear Julia.'

She paſſively permitted them to raiſe her from the chair, when, as if recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſhrunk ſuddenly from their aſſiſting arms, exclaiming, "Oh! never, never, never ſhall the houſe of Mrs. Fielding be contaminated by the reception of a wretch like me. Here let me hide myſelf from a world that will deſpiſe me, and here let me die in peace." The effort ſhe made in pronouncing theſe words ſhook her whole frame; her eyes rolled wildly round, and ſhe ſeemed ſpeedily relapſing into the

ſame

ſame diſordered ſtate from which ſhe had ſo lately recovered.

In vain did Harriet ſecond Mrs. Fielding's kind entreaties with all the ſoothing eloquence of friendſhip. She made no other reply than by clinging to the bed-poſt, and ſeveral times repeating, in a hollow tone, "No, no, here, here," and ſome other diſjointed words, all, however, plainly indicative of her determined reſolution of not being removed.

Henry at length put an end to the conteſt by declaring, that it would be injurious in her preſent ſtate to perſiſt in it any further.

'Here then, my love, you ſhall ſtay for to-day,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding, 'provided you will ſuffer yourſelf to be put immediately to bed, and take whatever Doctor Sydney orders for you.'

It was then agreed, that ſhe ſhould be left to the care of Harriet, who would on no account leave her. Nor did Henry require the motive of Harriet's preſence to determine

determine him to devote as much of his time, as was not engaged by other patients, to the relief of this unhappy girl; though as his hopes reſted more upon the efficacy of confidential friendſhip than on the exertion of medical ſkill, they depended on Harriet ſtill more than on himſelf. After the departure of Mrs. Fielding and Maria, he withdrew, telling Harriet ſhe would find him in the parlour whenever ſhe thought his attendance neceſſary. Harriet ſmiled her approbation of his kind ſolicitude, and as ſoon as he was gone, urged Julia to permit herſelf to be immediately undreſſed. Julia made no oppoſition to her propoſal, and as Harriet obſerved her uneaſineſs at the approach of ſtrangers, ſhe herſelf performed the office of her maid. While ſhe endeavoured to confine within the ſmall cap, the matron had provided for her, thoſe beautiful treſſes which ſhe had ſo often ſeen adorned with the niceſt care, and remembered how proud Captain Del-

mond

mond uſed to be of their luxuriant growth, ſhe was ſo forcibly ſtruck with the contraſt the preſent moment preſented, that ſhe could not reſtrain the falling tear. Julia perceived the tender emotion; and ſeizing Harriet's hand, preſſed it to her lips.

"My good, my gentle Harriet!" ſaid ſhe, in a low and tremulous voice, "you alone, of all the world, will have compaſſion on me. It is your innate virtue only that will not fear contamination from a wretch like me. Oh that my father had had ſuch a child!" Then leaning her head againſt Harriet's ſhoulder, ſhe burſt into a freſh agony of tears. It was a conſiderable time before Harriet's utmoſt efforts could reſtore her to any degree of compoſure; at length ſhe was conveyed to bed, and a ſoporific draught ſoon gave a temporary oblivion to her ſorrows.

Towards the cloſe of evening, Henry, who ſhared with his amiable miſtreſs the taſk of watching the ſlumbers of their unhappy

happy friend, was called out of the room. He ſoon returned, followed by his father, who, to Miſs Orwell's great ſurpriſe, led in his hand the almoſt-forgotten Bridgetina. She took no notice of Harriet, but with trembling ſteps followed Mr. Sydney to the bed-ſide. On beholding the face of Julia, ſhe ſtarted, and laying hold of Mr. Sydney's arm, 'Why,' ſaid ſhe, 'did you not tell me ſhe was dead?'

"Nay, ſhrink not from this ſight," ſaid Mr. Sydney, without noticing her miſtake, "but in that pale face and altered form contemplate the fruits of your boaſted ſyſtem of happineſs and virtue. Lovely, indeed, very lovely was this fallen flower! and long might it have bloomed the delight of every heart, had it not been deprived of thoſe ſupports which GOD and Nature had aſſigned it. Sweet innocent! how cruel was the ſpoiler that laid thy glory to the duſt! how deteſtable the arts that led to thy deſtruction!"

Bridgetina,

Bridgetina, though not remarkable for the quickneſs of her feelings, was affected. She ſobbed aloud. In pity to her diſtreſs, and in apprehenſion that Julia might be diſturbed by her noiſy grief, Harriet took pains to comfort her. She told her, they had every reaſon to hope for Miſs Delmond's ſpeedy recovery. "Even the wound which her peace of mind has received is not mortal," ſaid ſhe; "ſhe will apply to the balm of conſolation, and the principles of religion will aid the power of time, and reſtore her to tranquillity."

'She is not then dead!' cried Bridgetina, eagerly preſſing forward. 'She breathes! I ſee ſhe breathes! Look how ſhe ſmiles! but ah! how ghaſtly is that ſmile! how unlike the playful ſmile of Julia! what has wrought this change?'

"It has been wrought," ſaid Mr. Sydney, "by the ſame deluſive principles that have ſeduced you from the path of filial duty. Had Nature beſtowed on you a form

as

as beautiful, or a face as fair, you too would have been the prey of luſt, and the victim of infamy. Be thankful that you have eſcaped a fate ſo dreadful. Repent of having ever dared it; and by your future behaviour to your fond mother, ſtrive to make amends for your paſt conduct."

Bridgetina wept bitterly, but did not refuſe her hand to Mr. Sydney, who led her out of the room, without having given the leaſt diſturbance by her preſence to the profound ſlumbers of Julia.

In order to account for the appearance of our heroine at this juncture, it is neceſſary to mention the proceedings of Mr. Sydney ſubſequent to the interview with Mr. Myope, which has been already related. Mr. Sydney (though a clergyman) was neither *dictatorial, impatient of contradiction, harſh, in his cenſures*, nor *illiberal in his judgments*.* He ſaw the prejudices of Myope with compaſſion; he felt for the

* See Enquirer, p. 232.

ſituation

ſituation in which his falſe principles had plunged him, with the acuteſt ſenſibility; and was impelled by his benevolence to exert every power of his ſoul for the reſtoration of his peace.

The mind of Mr. Myope was now in a ſtate peculiarly favourable to the reception of new impreſſions. The ardour with which he had embraced the new theory of morals was ſomewhat abated. Circumſtances had occurred, which, even before the deſertion of his friend and miſtreſs, had conſiderably cooled his zeal. This event had given a new turn to his reflections, and he began to doubt whether the recent diſcoveries in morality were likely to be attended with all the beneficial conſequences to mankind, which, in the moment of enthuſiaſm, he had ſo fondly predicted. The antipathy he had imbibed againſt the clerical character, made him receive the firſt advances of Mr. Sydney with reluctance; but he ſoon found that zeal is not neceſſa-

rily

rily accompanied with arrogance, and that a preacher of Chriſtianity is not always of conſequence *dogmatical and intolerant.*

As Myope had been a zealous leader of ſeveral different ſects of religioniſts, it may be ſuppoſed that Mr. Sydney could offer to him no new arguments in ſupport of Chriſtianity; but however ſtrange it may appear, ſo it was, that the light in which the truths of natural and revealed religion were placed by Mr. Sydney, were ſuch as never before had been preſented to the mind of the philoſopher. He ſought not to perplex by logical definitions; he betrayed no zeal for peculiar tenets; he treated the various explanations of particular paſſages of ſcripture as of very ſmall importance; and ſeemed only anxious for the eſtabliſhment of great and fundamental truths. The GOD of Mr. Sydney was a GOD of mercies—a GOD of conſolation—the GOD of lights, with whom there is "no variableneſs, neither ſhadow of changing."

His

His Goſpel, the perfection of benevolence, proclaiming "peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

The enthuſiaſm of Mr. Myope kindled as he ſpoke, but it was not the deſign of Mr. Sydney to excite enthuſiaſm. He repreſented it as the buſineſs of religion to regulate the emotions of the heart, to allay the effervescence of the ſpirits, and to watch over the peculiar tendency of the temper; its office, to conduct the activity of an ardent mind into proper channels; where, inſtead of being expended in vain ſpeculations, it may be productive of real and ſubſtantial good. Far from loading with indiſcriminate abuſe all the opinions which formed a part of Mr. Myope's ſyſtem, Mr. Sydney allowed all the merit that was due to the ſpirit of philanthropy which breathed in his notions of benevolence, and gave to his doctrines of ſincerity the warmeſt and moſt decided applauſe. But while he applauded the abſtract notions entertained

of

of each of theſe noble principles, he plainly demonſtrated their inutility in the direction Mr. Myope had given them; and proved that to theſe, as well as to every other virtue, the principles of Chriſtianity were the beſt, the only ſupport. "I do indeed admire and applaud the zeal with which you eſpouſe the cauſe of the poor and oppreſſed part of our ſpecies," ſaid Mr. Sydney; "it does honour to your heart. But what does your ſyſtem do for them? What does it propoſe to do?"

'It propoſes,' replied Mr. Myope, 'by enlightening the public mind, to render an equality of conditions, by the voluntary ceſſion of property, univerſal.'

"Suppoſing this to be practicable," returned Mr. Sydney, "(though how a perſon who is at all acquainted with the world or with human nature, can make the ſuppoſition, I am at a loſs to imagine) ſtill it does not appear that happineſs is the natural and neceſſary reſult. Does the experience

experience of thoſe who are moſt exempt from the phyſical evils of life, lead us to form ſuch a concluſion? I am ſure it does not. And what is the preſent conſequence of ſuch doctrines to the objects of your benevolent regard? To infuſe additional gall into the bitter cup of poverty, to add to the burden of human miſeries a load of diſcontent! How different that ſyſtem of equality preached by Him who emphatically announced himſelf the friend of the poor and needy! What are riches, or honours, or even the leſs equivocal bleſſings of liberty and independence, compared with the glorious certainty of the favour of God, and the enjoyment of immortal happineſs? By this hope have millions been ſupported under the preſſure of calamities which your ſyſtem could never reach; for in it alone is found a cure for the ſorrows of the heart. The love of glory and the deſire of fame have ſometimes, it is true, animated their votaries into a contempt for the evils of pain,

pain, and even of death itſelf; but from the influence of this principle the many muſt ever be excluded. The man who cheriſhes it, and is by his ſituation thrown into obſcurity, where his ſufferings are unnoticed, or regarded with contempt, muſt be miſerable; but abſolute miſery can never in any ſituation be the lot of the Chriſtian."

After ſome little heſitation, the truth of Mr. Sydney's aſſertion was acknowledged by Mr. Myope; ſtill, however, the enormous evils attendant on the preſent ſtate of ſociety afforded him an ample field for expatiation and cenſure. Theſe Mr. Sydney canvaſſed one by one, as they were pointed out by the philoſopher. Some he traced to cauſes very different from thoſe from which Mr. Myope had deduced them; ſome he proved to have conſequences leſs injurious than thoſe aſſigned them; and others he candidly gave up, as ſubjects of regret and mortification to every thinking mind;

mind; while he evidently ſhewed, that not an evil complained of could have exiſtence in a ſociety, where the ſpirit of Chriſtianity was the ruling principle of every heart.

The impreſſion he made upon his learned adverſary was gradual, but it was ſtrong; and at every ſucceſſive converſation he found him leſs tenacious of his former theory, and more inclined to admit the proofs of the truth of that doctrine which alone,

" Amid life's pains, abaſements, emptineſs,
" The ſoul can comfort, elevate, and fill;
" Which only, and which amply, this performs;
" Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above!
" Their terrors thoſe, and theſe their luſtre loſe;
" Eternity depending covers all."*

It was on his return from one of theſe conferences that Mr. Sydney learned the ſituation of Julia. It immediately occurred to him, that an incident ſo ſtriking was more likely to produce an effect on the mind of Bridgetina than any argument

* Young.

that

that could poſſibly be made uſe of. Mrs. Fielding readily entered into his views, and impatiently waited to know the reſult of the interview they then projected, and from which they expected the moſt ſalutary effects. How far their expectations were anſwered ſhall appear hereafter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

" Proſtrate fell
" Before him reverent, and there confeſs'd
" Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd with tears,
" Watering the ground; and with their ſighs the air
" Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
" Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek."

MILTON.

THE ſlumbers of Julia were not refreſhing. She awoke languid and oppreſſed, but perfectly reſtored to her recollection. Harriet, for whom a bed had been provided in an adjoining room, had retired to ſnatch a ſhort repoſe; and Henry had ſome hours before been obliged to go to the other end of the town; ſo that on awaking, the nurſe was the only perſon near her. To her ſhe addreſſed herſelf in low and trembling accents, " Pray, pray, good woman, be ſo kind as to inform me

where I am. I thought I came to the Aſylum of the Deſtitute. Yes, I remember the name—*the Aſylum of the Deſtitute.* Is it there I am?"

'Yes,' replied the nurſe,' this is the Aſylum of the Deſtitute.'

"Thank GOD!" ſaid Julia, "I am then ſafe. I am under the protection of the virtuous. I believe my head has been diſturbed. It has been ſadly confuſed. I thought ſome dear friends were with me; but it was all a dream. I now ſee it was a dream!"

'Miſs Orwell ſat up with you the greateſt part of the night,' ſaid the nurſe.

"Miſs Orwell! Harriet Orwell! Dear amiable girl! And ſhall I not ſee her again?"

'She is only lain down to take a little reſt. Doctor Sydney inſiſted on it before he would go away.'

"Henry Sydney too here! Yes, I think I remember ſeeing him. But how extraordinary is all this! I believe my head is

ſtill

ſtill ſtrangely bewildered, for I can account for nothing."

'It is only the effects of your ſleeping draught, Madam. You had better keep quiet for a little time, and it will ſoon go off;' replied the judicious nurſe, drawing the curtains.

Julia followed her advice, and remained ſilent, till the light footſteps of Harriet attracted her attention. She then quickly withdrew the curtains, and raiſing herſelf up in the bed, held out both her hands to her fair friend, who, tenderly embracing her, made anxious enquiries after her health. "Ah, Harriet! how good, how very good you are! But your kindneſs overpowers me. When laſt I ſaw you, how little did I think I ſhould now be the humbled wretch I am!"

'Do not diſtreſs yourſelf, my dear Julia, by too keen a recollection of paſt events. Over theſe we have no controul. Let us occupy our minds by the preſent and the future;

future; and if we do ſo properly, be aſſured there is no evil, of which good may not be the reſult.'

"Alas! for me no good remains! No, no; for me all is the darkneſs of deſpair, the gloom of miſery! My father!—Oh, Harriet, you know the circumſtances of his death; tell me then, nay do not conceal it; tell me, if with his lateſt breath he did not curſe his Julia?"

'No, my dear, your father expired in a better frame of mind; his laſt words were to implore a bleſſing on you. He never ſpoke of you with reſentment, but pitied your deluſion, and I believe from his heart forgave it.'

"Did he, indeed! and did he bleſs me! Oh, my dear, dear papa! how could I—" Here ſhe was interrupted by a flood of tears, which for ſome time rendered her incapable of holding further converſe.

'Do not, my dear Julia,' ſaid Harriet, 'do not, I beſeech you, dwell ſo much upon

upon the paſt. Much as I wiſh to know the particulars of all the cruel circumſtances that have led to our preſent meeting, I will not now permit you to enter upon the ſad detail. We ſhall have ſufficient time for this hereafter, as I hope you will find yourſelf well enough this morning to accompany me to Mrs. Fielding's, in whom, I can aſſure you, you will find a tender and affectionate friend; ſhe will be as a mother to you, till the arrival of your own; and I hope I may this morning have the pleaſure of informing Mrs. Delmond, that you are under ſuch reſpectable protection.'

"Alas! alas! it is impoſſible. Never can I appear at Mrs. Fielding's! never more can I enjoy the pleaſures of ſociety. No, Harriet; I have been a vain, guilty, infatuated creature; but never will I add to my ſelf-condemnation by the meanneſs of impoſture. In retirement, deep retirement, will I bury myſelf from the notice of the world. Even from you, my kind,

my

my eſtimable friend! even from you muſt I hide myſelf; leſt your fair fame ſhould ſuffer by your deigning to pity ſuch a wretch as I! Oh! I am indeed a wretch!

" Have I not ſteep'd a mother's couch in tears,
" And ting'd a father's dying cheek with ſhame!"

Oh! for me there is no comfort!"

'And think you, Julia, that I am a ſlave to the *letter*, and a ſtranger to the *ſpirit* of virtue! That you have erred, I regret; but that you are ſenſible of your error, gives you a claim not only to my eſteem, but my admiration. For how much leſs effort does it require to keep in the onward path of virtue, than to recover it when gone but a ſingle ſtep aſtray? Amply, I am aſſured, ſhall your future life compenſate the fault of inexperienced youth. Cheer up, then, my Julia! and believe that you may yet be doubly dear to all who ever loved you.'

" Ah, Harriet! your words are a cordial (what a cordial!) to my drooping heart." Here ſhe fervently preſſed the hand of Harriet

Harriet to her lips; then dropping it, and looking timidly in her face, while a burning bluſh ſhot over her pallid cheek, "But you —you know not all my ſhame! You know not that it *muſt be public*. I ſee you are ſhocked, greatly ſhocked. Did I not ſay, that even you would ſcorn to own me?"

'I am ſhocked, my love, I confeſs; but it is with the idea that your ſufferings are not yet to have an end. Let us not talk more of this circumſtance at preſent; permit me only to confide it to Mrs. Fielding, on whom you may rely for advice, and in whoſe tenderneſs you will find conſolation.'

"To Mrs. Fielding! Alas! yes, it muſt be ſo—but yet—why, Harriet, after all that has befallen me, ſhould falſe ſhame bring this cold ſweat upon my forehead? But I will conquer it! Do I not deſerve the cenſure I ſhall meet with? And why ſhould I ſhrink from my deſerts? Tell her, however—pray tell her, that I did not fall a prey to depraved inclination; that

my

my judgment was perverted by argument, not ſeduced by flattery; and that when I yielded to the ſpecious reaſonings of my betrayer, I thought I was ſetting an example of high-ſouled virtue, which ſoared above the vulgar prejudices of the world. It is to vanity—yes, Harriet, I now ſee it is to vanity (though not the vanity of beauty) that I owe my ruin!"

Here ſhe pauſed for a little, but Harriet only anſwering her by a ſigh, ſhe thus renewed the converſation: "My mind is ſtill perplexed and bewildered. I have acted upon the ſublimeſt principles of morality; I have been inſpired by the moſt elevated ſentiments of virtue. But virtue is happineſs—and I am miſerable! Is it owing to the prejudices of ſociety that I am ſo? Ah! no. My father!—my unhappy father!—Had my heart received no other wound, his death would have tranſfixed a dagger in its inmoſt core. But how has it been wounded by another hand!

How

How cruelly torn! O Harriet! my ſufferings have been multiplied. I have paſſed through ſcenes which would freeze your ſoul with horror—but I dare not think of them. No, no, let me not think of them. I muſt avoid diſtraction—I—"

Harriet, perceiving the agitation of her mind, and fearful of its conſequences, tenderly interrupted her, and uſed every endeavour to ſoothe her into compoſure. Henry ſoon after came in, and while he made his inquiries after Julia's health, Harriet ſtepped down to Mrs. Fielding, who was below in the parlour. She there informed her of all that had paſſed in the late converſation. They then conſulted together on what was to be done with the poor unfortunate, and as Harriet gave it as her opinion, that ſhe would not be prevailed upon to remove to Mrs. Fielding's houſe, it was agreed, that ſhe ſhould remain where ſhe was until the arrival of her mother, who was immediately to be ſent for.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fielding then begged leave to wait upon her; Julia would have excuſed herſelf, on account of her being ſtill in bed; ſhe had attempted to riſe, but had fainted in the attempt, and was adviſed by the Doctor not to get up till the evening, when he hoped ſhe would find herſelf reſtored to greater ſtrength. Mrs. Fielding waved the apology, and though her firſt appearance threw Julia (who conjectured the ſubject of her converſation with Harriet) into the deepeſt confuſion, the ſympathetic tenderneſs of her addreſs was ſo truly maternal, that it quickly re-aſſured her confidence and reſtored her ſerenity.

The natural openneſs and candour of Julia's mind ſuggeſted the propriety of giving her friends a faithful relation of all that had befallen her; but neither her ſtrength nor feelings were equal to the taſk. Mrs. Fielding and Harriet, perceiving that the bare recollection of ſome of theſe events was attended with a degree of

horror

horror that ſhook her tender frame, united their endeavours to recall her from the ſubject. They ſpoke of her health, and of the means neceſſary for its reſtoration; of theſe Mrs. Fielding mentioned country air as the moſt efficacious. She ſaid, ſhe had upon her eſtate in Hertfordſhire a charming cottage, where Mrs. Delmond and Julia might enjoy all the advantages of retirement, and remain as long as they pleaſed unnoticed and unknown. When convenient for them to quit it, if they choſe to remove to Ireland, ſhe had there ſome friends to whom ſhe could introduce them in ſuch a manner as would procure their welcome reception into a very agreeable circle of ſociety.

"I underſtand your kind hint, my dear, dear Madam," ſaid Julia, "I perfectly underſtand it; but you muſt not think me an ungrateful creature, if I decline your generous offer. I would live—yes, it is now my wiſh to live, that by my future life

I may

I may make ſome amends for my paſt miſ-conduct. But I greatly fear I have, in a moment of deſpair, of heart-rending agony, ſhortened the period of my exiſtence! Oh that I could recall that moment! Oh that I may not have been a double murderer! My father and my child! Nay, I pray you do not look upon me with ſuch horror! I cannot bear that look!" covering up her head with the bed-clothes.

'Fear not the looks of us thy frail fellow-mortals!' rejoined Mrs. Fielding; 'to the Searcher of hearts thy humility and thy penitence will be acceptable. And ſhall we, who know not how little of our boaſted virtue we can call our own—we, who are ignorant of the temptations that have aſſailed thee—dare to pronounce thy condemnation? No, my dear Miſs Delmond; far other ſentiments, believe me, at this moment inſpire our breaſts. But if you feel my preſence too much for you, I will retire, and leave you with your friend Miſs Orwell,

Orwell, to whom you may ſafely unburthen every feeling of your heart.'

Again Julia lifted up her head, and preſſing Mrs. Fielding's hand, which had kindly taken hold of her's, "Surely," ſaid ſhe, "there is a GOD, a Providence, a reward hereafter, for goodneſs ſuch as your's! But if there be a GOD, if there be an hereafter, what muſt my ſituation be?"

'That GOD, my dear, who in the things that are made hath not left himſelf without a witneſs, is, by the Goſpel of JESUS CHRIST, revealed to us as a father and a friend. Surrounded as we are by the glorious proofs of a Supreme Intelligence, it is ſcarcely poſſible for a ſane mind to doubt the exiſtence of a GOD. But our peculiar happineſs is to have our vague and imperfect ideas upon this ſubject cleared and explained by Him who brought life and immortality to light; our great Maſter came into the world, "not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might have life."

life." He addreſſed not himſelf to the perfect. He profeſſed not to call the "righteous (or thoſe who proudly deemed themſelves ſuch) but ſinners to repentance," and revealed to them the ALMIGHTY as a GOD of hope and conſolation. Do not then, my ſweet girl, encourage the language of deſpair. Acquaint yourſelf with the promiſes of the Goſpel, and when the world withdraws its conſolations, theſe ſhall ſupport your ſoul. I hope, however, that you have not—no, aſſuredly, you have not, done any thing with a wilful intention of ſhortening your exiſtence?'

"Oh! yes, yes! If there be guilt in ſeeking to fly from a miſerable exiſtence, I am guilty! In a moment of frenzy and deſperation I ſwallowed poiſon! I hoped it would have rid me of a wretched being, and buried my woes in the dark abyſs of annihilation; but no ſooner had I done the dreadful deed, than Nature recoiled, and death, which had long been the only object

of

of my wiſhes, appeared horrible to my view. Oh! how my ſoul then ſtruggled within me! What palpitations, what terrors, laid hold of my diſtracted mind! 'Twas then, then I firſt ſuſpected the poſſibility of my having cheriſhed falſe opinions; then that I firſt began to fear that there *might* be reality in thoſe I had been taught to deſpiſe. The converſations I had held with you, my Harriet, ruſhed upon my recollection; we had each of us acted upon the principles we had adopted; but, oh! how different the reſult! Theſe and a thouſand other agonizing reflections tore my throbbing heart, while momentarily I expected its beating pulſe to be arreſted by the cold hand of death. In this I was diſappointed; cold ſhiverings, indeed, came upon me, and a numbneſs, which has not yet left me, ſeized my limbs, but death came not. I fear, however, the conſequences will ſtill be fatal—if not to myſelf, to——"

Here

Here ſhe ſtopped, and Mrs. Filding kindly renewed thoſe ſoothing aſſurances of Divine aid, and Divine mercy, which, however lightly thought of in the gay hours of proſperity, are found a cordial to the ſinking heart.

Mrs. Fielding's zeal was not diſgraced by bigotry, nor was it inflamed by ſuperſtition; ſhe did not ſeek to overwhelm the already broken ſpirit by aggravating the colour of paſt offences, but rather made it her endeavour to re-aſſure her confidence in the poſſibility of future happineſs from future exertions of virtue.

It was her opinion, that the ſupport of reputation being found to be a ſtrong additional motive to virtue, it ought not to be put out of the power of the unfortunate female, who, conſcious of her error, is deſirous to retrieve it by her after-conduct. On this account, in the next converſation ſhe held with Julia, ſhe was led again to propoſe the plan ſhe had ſuggeſted for her

going

going firſt into the country, where ſhe could enjoy all the privacy her circumſtances required; and then removing to a ſituation where the paſt incidents of her life might remain for ever buried in oblivion.

Julia liſtened to her propoſal with reſpectful attention, and then, though in faltering accents, with a look and manner that denoted the utmoſt firmneſs and compoſure, ſhe thus replied—"I am fully, I am gratefully ſenſible of the goodneſs of your intention; your kind conſideration for my reputation is the ſuggeſtion of pure benevolence, and believe me, I feel it as I ought. Do not, therefore, my dear Madam, attribute to perverſeneſs or pride my oppoſition to your propoſal; but it is a ſubject on which I have deeply thought, on which I have fully made up my mind. If you will have the goodneſs to liſten to my reaſons, you will, I flatter myſelf, acknowledge the force of the arguments that have determined me."

Mrs. Fielding affectionately intreating her to ſpeak without reſerve, ſhe thus proceeded:—"The peculiar diſadvantages under which our ſex is doomed to labour, early appeared to me ſo enormous, that it made me liſten with avidity to the reveries of the new theoriſts, whoſe doctrines promiſed emancipation from the tyranny of prejudice, and ſeemed to offer the rights of equality to the hitherto degraded part of the human race. Independence I conſidered as eſſential to virtue. But what was the independence to which I had reſort? Alas! to throw off the gentle, the endearing reſtraints of paternal authority for the yoke of a domineering paſſion, which bowed my ſoul in ſubjection to a man who has ſince proved the moſt barbarous and unworthy of the human race! In the height of my enthuſiaſm for the new doctrines I had embraced, I was intoxicated with the idea, that for me it was reſerved to point out to my ſex a new and nobler

path

path to glory than the quiet duties of domeſtic life. To convince them, that, equal to man in all the moſt noble qualities of the mind, we ought to ſcorn the meanneſs of confining our notions of virtue to one point; and that it was to our giving way to the prejudices of ſociety in this particular, we owed the degradation and miſery of our ſex. You, Madam, will wonder at my ſtrange deluſion, when I confeſs that I conſidered the loſs of my honour as a ſacrifice to principle; and that in this idea I ſtruggled to overcome the inſtinctive repugnance of that delicacy which Nature had implanted, and education cheriſhed, in my breaſt. I was taught to glory in having aſſerted the prerogative of human nature in a free and independent choice; but when I expected the meed of fame, I was plunged into the depth of miſery, and goaded by the ſtings of remorſe. Alas! what idea can *words* convey of what I have ſuffered! —Robbed, betrayed, deſerted, by the man

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on whom my fooliſh heart reſted as lover, counſellor, and friend! The cruel certainty of his unworthineſs would have been ſufficient to have made me miſerable for ever. But this, even this, was light to what I ſuffered, when in the den of demons, to which I was betrayed, I ſaw in an old newſpaper, put as a wrapper about ſome writing-paper, the account of my father's death. Then, indeed, the exceſs of horror ſeized my ſoul. The wretches that ſurrounded me were to me no longer objects of hate or terror. On myſelf, on my own guilty head, all my execrations were poured. The vileſt of the vile, compared with me, I thought innocent. In the frenzy of deſpair I endeavoured to eſcape exiſtence; but no ſooner had I ſwallowed the deadly potion, than the death I ſo ardently had wiſhed for, became dreadful to my imagination! Oh! the ſtruggles of that moment! But they are not to be deſcribed. Bleſſed be God! that however dreadful, they

they were ſalutary. In the violence of the conflict the ſtrength of contending paſſions ſeemed to have been exhauſted. A ſort of gloomy tranquillity ſucceeded, which was not interrupted, ſave by my renewed apprehenſions of the wicked deſigns of the people of the vile houſe, where I knew myſelf to be a priſoner. Many were my plans for eſcape, which accident had rendered abortive. At length, on the certainty that violence was intended me, and that the wretched woman had actually received the price of my perſon from a man of ſeeming gravity, who, while he kept what is called a fair character in ſociety, and was himſelf the father of daughters, whoſe honour he would have protected with his life, would not have ſcrupled to gratify his own brutal paſſions at the expence of the temporal and eternal happineſs of a poor young creature deſtitute of all protection; I collected all the vigour of my mind, and determined to run every riſk, in order to

effect

effect my escape. Having taken my resolution, I affected a degree of composure, and even of cheerfulness, that my design might be the less suspected; and the moment that I found myself unobserved, in pursuance of my plan, I hastened up to the garret, got out of the window upon the leads, and as fast as my benumbed limbs would permit, slowly crept upon my hands and knees along the different houses, till I reached that at the end of the street. There I likewise found the garret window open; with some difficulty I entered, and quickly shutting it after me, retired into a corner, where, leaning against the wall, I stood gasping for breath, and trembling in every limb.

"A little kitten had, without my perceiving it, crept in at the half-open door. A boy of about four years old came in pursuit of it; but seeing me, screamed and fled. New terrors then seized upon me, as I made no doubt he would alarm the family,

mily, and that I ſhould be treated as a thief, perhaps conſigned to the horrors of a priſon; but as no priſon was ſo dreadful in my eyes as that I had juſt quitted, I reſolved to bear my deſtiny with patience. Part of my apprehenſions were ſoon fulfilled. The miſtreſs of the houſe, followed by her maid-ſervant, and a lad of about fourteen, armed with a huge ſtick, came up to me, and almoſt in one voice demanded how I came there?

"I came hither for protection—for deliverance! O ſave me, dear Madam," ſaid I, dropping on my knees; "ſave me from death, and worſe than death!"

'Where did you come from?' ſaid the mother of the little boy, who now ventured to approach me.

"I told her. She at firſt ſeemed to doubt my veracity, but did not heſitate (before her doubts on this head were removed) to aſſure me of temporary protection."

'Whether what you ſay be true or no,' ſaid ſhe, 'you are young, and evidently

unfortunate. I have children of my own, and who knows what may yet befal them! So, poor thing! I will not betray you. Here, however, theſe wretches may ſoon trace you; and how can a poor widow defend you? I would therefore adviſe you to place yourſelf under the protection of a magiſtrate, who will put you in a way of returning to your friends.'

"Alas!" ſaid I, "I have no friends! O God! what will become of me?"

'Take courage, Miſs,' ſaid the ſervant-maid, taking my hand with an appearance of ſympathy for which my heart ſhall never ceaſe to be grateful, 'there is a refuge for you, a bleſſed refuge—*The Aſylum of the Deſtitute.* There I myſelf was ſaved from miſery and deſtruction. There you will be received, and treated with kindneſs and humanity; and if you appear to be a proper-behaved perſon, will have every encouragement to continue in a virtuous courſe.'

"Where,"

"Where," cried I, "oh, where is this bleſſed retreat? Let me fly to it inſtantly. I will do any thing, I will ſubmit to any thing—only to get permiſſion to live among the good and virtuous. I care not how humble, how lowly—for I am truly humbled."

I would inſtantly have ſet out, but the good people, obſerving how ill I was, propoſed my remaining there till the evening, and that, in the mean time, I ſhould take ſome refreſhment and repoſe; and much, indeed, did I ſtand in need of both. They ſupported me between them to a bed-chamber on the firſt-floor; and there, by their advice, I was about to lay me down, when a loud knocking at the door called away both miſtreſs and maid, and threw me into a freſh trepidation. I liſtened, and heard a man's voice. It was loud and terrible. A thief, he ſaid, had eſcaped from juſtice, and muſt have contrived to hide herſelf in ſome houſe on that ſide of the ſtreet; he therefore adviſed them

them to ſecure their doors, as if they permitted her to get off, they would be conſidered as acceſſaries in her crimes. I could not hear what reply was made by the miſtreſs of the houſe, and dreadful was the ſuſpence I remained in till ſhe returned to me. She came, but ſuſpicion was not in her looks.

'Alas! poor thing,' ſaid ſhe, 'you muſt depart from hence immediately. I have ſent Hannah for a coach, and in it ſhe ſhall conduct you to the Aſylum; for I believe, yes I *do* believe you innocent.'

I had no power to reply. She wrapped me in a long cloak, and put her own bonnet and veil upon my head, to conceal me from the people who might be watching for me in the ſtreet. I happily got into the coach without obſervation, and ſupported by the kind-hearted Hannah, reached this bleſſed place in ſafety. Ah! how little did I then imagine who I was here to meet with! The agitation I had undergone,

undergone, together with the want of food and ſleep, affected my brain; I was ſenſible that it was affected. One image took poſſeſſion of my mind—the image of my dying father. I conceived myſelf doomed to ſuffer as his murderer, and that all I had undergone, all I might yet have to undergo, was in expiation of this foul offence. Alas! the return of reaſon, though it enables me to methodize my thoughts, takes not from the bitterneſs of this reflection. But how have I wandered from the ſubject on which I deſigned to have explained myſelf! Forgive me, dear Madam, for I now fear I ſhall exhauſt your patience."

'Not my patience, dear Miſs Delmond, but your own ſtrength, is in danger of being exhauſted by the continuance of the converſation. If, however, you do not feel yourſelf too much fatigued, I ſhall be glad to hear the plan you intend to adopt, and the reaſons you have for thinking it preferable to mine; which was intended

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to ſave your character from obloquy, and to reſtore to ſociety one whoſe many virtues may ſtill eminently adorn it.'

"For your good intentions, I thank you —from my heart I thank you," replied Julia; "but low as I am ſunk in my own eſtimation, ſenſible as I am of the faultineſs of my conduct, and humbled under the conſciouſneſs, as my ſoul truly is, I muſt ſink ſtill lower than I am, not to feel myſelf degraded by the practice of any ſpecies of impoſture. Whether the unrelenting laws of ſociety with regard to our ſex are founded in injuſtice or otherwiſe, is not for me to determine. Happy they who ſubmit without reluctance to their authority! But firſt to ſet them at defiance, and then under falſe pretences to ſhrink from the penalty, what is this but to add hypocriſy to preſumption—to add an unjuſtifiable (becauſe deliberate) crime to an error, which perhaps may receive ſome mitigation on the ſcore of human frailty? Forgive

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me, Madam, for ſpeaking in this manner on a ſubject you have evidently conſidered in a different light; but I know you are too generous to find fault with me for differing with you."

'Find fault with you, my dear!' ſaid Mrs. Fielding; 'no, I honour you in my heart for your noble ſentiments, ſo full of integrity and honour. I do not pretend to combat them, but in juſtification of myſelf ſhall only mention the motives that led to my propoſal. On unſullied character, not only our reception in ſociety, but our uſefulneſs in life depends. The woman who is ſuſpected of having made a falſe ſtep, but who, by aſſiduouſly concealing it, ſhews ſome regard for reputation, will ever meet with more indulgence from the world than ſhe, who, by openly avowing it, ſeems to brave its cenſures. In the latter caſe ſhe becomes a mark for public ſcorn to point the finger at; all the virtues ſhe may poſſeſs are of no avail, or rather they are

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conſidered by the world, what certain dogmatiſts affirm of the virtues of the unregenerate, as ſo many *ſhining ſins*. Her diſhonour attaches not merely to herſelf alone, but extends to all with whom ſhe is connected. Should her future conduct be ever ſo circumſpect, nay ſhould it be ever ſo exemplary over thoſe of her own ſex, who are moſt inclined to applaud it, the fetters of public opinion will ſtill exert a reſtraining influence, and very few will dare to own her. Men alone will preſume to expreſs for her any friendſhip; and thus thrown upon the protection of men, while her heart beats indignant at what ſhe conſiders as injuſtice, who can anſwer for the conſequences? From all theſe evils who would not wiſh to preſerve a character ſo eſtimable? Have not your errors been already ſufficiently expiated by your ſufferings? Why then ſhould you be loſt to ſociety at a period of life when you might enter it with every advantage? You

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are yet but in the very early morning of your life; by removing to another kingdom, you may in a manner re-commence its courſe. Nor can the concealment of the paſt be properly termed impoſition; that belongs to falſe pretences only; and I am convinced the conduct of your future life will vindicate the reality of your claim to reſpect and veneration.'

Julia's languid eyes were ſuffuſed in tears of gratitude. "How generouſly do you endeavour to reconcile me to myſelf," ſhe exclaimed; "but it cannot be. Hope of future happineſs can never re-animate my heart. On me the ſun of joy is ſet for ever! The only ray of peace or conſolation that can ever ſhine upon me, muſt be from the approbation of my own mind, reverberated and confirmed by the approbation of thoſe to whom it is fully known. Mortifying to me would be the applauſe, oh! very mortifying the expreſſions of eſteem, I might receive from ſtrangers; who,

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if they knew the circumſtances I muſt then labour to conceal, would ſpurn me from them with contempt. No, my dear Madam; my place in ſociety I have forfeited: nor will I endeavour to regain it by clandeſtine means. I will not add to my tranſgreſſion by relinquiſhing the duties I have to perform. If I am the means of bringing a helpleſs being into the world under circumſtances the moſt deplorable, I will not deſert it. Oh, no! Cruelly, very cruelly has it already been deſerted by one parent! and ſhall its mother, for the ſake of preſerving a falſe appearance to the world, act a part equally inhuman? Never! never! The infamy I have brought upon its innocent head I ſhall freely ſhare; and devote my future life to making it what recompence is in my power, for the inauſpicious circumſtances under which it is for ever doomed to labour." As ſhe thus ſpoke, her fine eyes regained a momentary luſtre, heightened

heightened by the vivid bluſh that gleamed on her pale cheek wet with tears.

Mrs. Fielding, gazing on her as ſhe ſpoke, felt for her a degree of admiration mingled with pity and regret, that cauſed ſenſations too big for utterance. She folded her maternal arms round her, and preſſed her to her heart. 'You are, indeed you are, an admirable creature!' ſhe at length exclaimed. 'Your arguments make me aſhamed of the comparative meanneſs of my own ſentiments upon this ſubject; and approbation is too poor a word to expreſs the ſenſe I have of your magnanimity.'

"Alas!" replied Julia, "how little am I deſerving of ſuch praiſe! Were all my tears tears of penitence for paſt miſconduct, and did my heart poſſeſs ſufficient firmneſs to throw from its affections the man who has proved himſelf unworthy of its eſteem, then indeed I might boaſt ſome little portion of magnanimity. But ah! how feeble are the ſentiments of virtue, when they

prove ſo ineffectual in ſubduing the ſtrength of an unhappy paſſion!"

'Let not this conſideration too much diſcourage you,' ſaid Mrs. Fielding. 'The affections of love are much more warm and vivid than thoſe of friendſhip; and yet even in friendſhip, where it has been miſplaced, the heart is long, very long in receiving the conviction that is forced upon it by reaſon. Affection ſtill lingers in the boſom, even after eſteem has taken its everlaſting flight; nor does it finally forſake it, till the mind has experienced the moſt exquiſite degree of anguiſh in the conteſt. Still, where the love of virtue reigns, the love of its oppoſite will in the end be conquered. Take courage then, my dear, and employ your mind not ſo much in ruminating on the paſt, as in forming plans for your future conduct.'

The entrance of Harriet and Maria, who juſt then returned from an airing which Mrs. Fielding had prevailed on them to take

take, put an end to the converſation. A kind conteſt then took place between the two friends about which ſhould remain with Julia, who was at length called upon to determine it. Affectionately preſſing the hand of each, "Between two ſuch cordials," ſaid ſhe, "it is difficult for me to chooſe; but here is my phyſician, and to his deciſion I ſhall leave it."

Henry had come with the ſecret hope that Harriet would return to Hanover-ſquare with him and Mrs. Fielding. Since the arrival of Julia at the aſylum, he had enjoyed little of Harriet's company, and his heart was deeply ſenſible of the privation; but when he met the eyes of Julia, and read in them the wiſh for Harriet's ſtay; when he reflected on their greater intimacy, which muſt afford to Julia the pleaſure of unreſerved confidence, he checked the prompt wiſh of ſelfiſhneſs, and declared that Harriet ſhould remain.

And here, leſt the reader ſhould not be inclined to give to the conduct of Henry

all the merit it deſerves, we beg the favour of him to pauſe for a moment, and give a candid anſwer to the few following queſtions.

Pray, ſir, have you ever been in love? If not, you may go on to the next chapter.

"You have." Well then, be ſo obliging as to ſay how often you have facrificed the ſlighteſt gratification of paſſion to the calls of friendſhip or benevolence? Pray, how often have you diſobeyed the dictates of ſelfiſhneſs, from the conſideration of conferring pleaſure on any individual of your acquaintance? What have you ſacrificed to the intereſts even of the object of your paſſion? One ſelfiſh deſire?

"No. Paſſion was too powerful."

Juſtly, then, may you appreciate the nobleneſs of Henry Sydney's heart; which, filled with a paſſion as ſtrong and pure as ever warmed a human breaſt, was yet ſufficiently capacious to have room for the ſentiments of friendſhip, and the feelings of benevolence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

" A wrench from all we *love*, from all we *are;*
" A ſun extinguiſh'd! a juſt-opening grave!
" And oh, the laſt!—laſt what? (can words expreſs?
" Thought reach?)—the laſt, laſt *ſilence* of a friend."

IT is high time to return to Bridgetina, to whom, as the oſtenſible heroine of theſe Memoirs, it is our duty to attend. The inauſpicious career of her *quondam* friends, if it did not effect a ſudden change in her opinions, conſiderably damped the ardour of her zeal. Neither the reaſonings of Mr. Sydney or Mrs. Fielding were calculated for making a convert of one, who to a very limited underſtanding united an active imagination; but they were ſo unanſwerable, that they abated the confidence of ſelf-conceit, and tempered her diſlike to the doctrines of Chriſtianity.

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Though this were all that was expected by Mr. Sydney, it did not perfectly satisfy Mrs. Fielding. "It is very extraordinary," said she, in speaking to Mr. Sydney on this subject, "it is very extraordinary that Miss Botherim should be so obstinately blind, as not to perceive the shocking consequences of the erroneous opinions she has adopted. Does she not see to what they have already led? How can she refuse assent to demonstration so strong, so full as that you have just now been delivering? And to what is she thus wedded?—to a system that annihilates every future hope, and reduces us to a level with the beasts that perish! I can no way account for such obstinacy of unbelief."

'My dear Madam,' replied Mr. Sydney, 'you do not sufficiently attend to the nature of the human mind. Not to mention the tenaciousness of pride, which naturally revolts at the acknowledgment of conviction, we must, I fear, make greater allowances

ances than you ſeem inclined to do, for the ſtrength of early aſſociation. Among thoſe who were eye-witneſſes of the miracles of our Saviour, we are told that many doubted—of what? Not of the miracles, for theſe they do not appear to have attempted to deny. The unbelief of the Jewiſh ſceptics was by *their early prejudices* directed to a different point; they acknowledged the miracle, but doubted whether it was of GOD, or proceeded from the power of ſome demon. In embuing the minds of our children with notions of religion, we too often repreſent to them, not only the great and leading truths of revelation, but every minutia of our own peculiar tenets, as inſeparable links of one great chain, of which no one can be broken without deſtroying the whole. The early aſſociation which we thus create, is frequently productive of the moſt unhappy conſequences. By it a long range of outworks, of unequal ſtrength, are expoſed

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to the attack of the enemy, where, if one be found untenable, the whole muſt of courſe ſurrender. In converſing with Miſs Botherim, I have more than once had occaſion to remark the truth of the above obſervation. But let us not expect too much at once; time, her ripened judgment, reading, and obſervation, may effect a change in her mind of greater conſequence than a ſudden conviction could poſſibly produce.'

Mrs. Fielding acquieſced in this opinion, and leaving Bridgetina's converſion to Mr. Sydney, and the means by him preſcribed, ſhe entirely occupied herſelf in the concerns of the more amiable and more unfortunate Julia.

Dr. Orwell and his youngeſt daughter were on the eve of ſetting out for London to attend Harriet's nuptials, when they received the account of Julia's re-appearance, which Dr. Orwell was begged to communicate to Mrs. Delmond. He did

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ſo, but found the poor lady in no ſituation for undertaking an immediate journey. Ever ſince her huſband's death a ſlow fever had preyed upon her conſtitution, which, gradually increaſing, had at length brought her to the very brink of the grave. Till the elopement of Julia her mind had never experienced the dominion of a ſtrong emotion; ſhe was, therefore, unequal to its control. Inceſſantly dwelling on the ingratitude of her daughter, who had been the object of her pride as much as of her affections, her grief was embittered by reſentment; which, from the taciturnity and reſerve of her temper, being denied a vent, preyed inwardly, and conſumed the vital flame. And here it is worthy of remark, that while Captain Delmond execrated the ſeducer, and his wife bitterly arraigned the conduct of the ſeduced, neither one or other ever once caſt a retroſpective glance upon what they themſelves have done. The aunt of Mrs. Delmond had been little leſs hurt

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by her conduct, than ſhe was by that of her daughter. But *her* reſentment ſhe had deemed unreaſonable and abſurd; ſo different is the allowance ſelf-love permits us to make for the feelings of others, and for our own!

Till informed by Dr. Orwell, Mrs. Delmond had not the moſt diſtant idea of Julia's being ſtill unmarried. The intelligence aggravated the feelings of reſentment and deſpair. And, after a ſilence occaſioned by the exceſs of agitation, ſhe broke out into the bittereſt reproaches, not only againſt Julia, but againſt all who ſhould receive or countenance her. In vain did Dr. Orwell preach up to her the doctrine of Chriſtian charity and forgiveneſs. She told him, that if he gave ſuch encouragement to wickedneſs, ſhe thought his own children would do well to put his charity to the proof; and concluded by declaring, that were ſhe even able to undertake the journey, nothing ſhould induce her to go to

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ſee a wretch, whoſe infamous conduct had brought diſgrace on all connected with her.

After having exhauſted her ſtrength by venting the feelings of reſentment, ſhe apparently ſunk into her uſual ſtate of torpid apathy. But it was only in appearance, for a variety of contending emotions continued to ſtruggle in her breaſt; where, though grief, anger, and reſentment were firſt in place, they could not overcome the yearnings of the mother in her heart. The ſtruggle was too much for her weak frame to ſupport, and an increaſe of fever was the fatal conſequence. Doctor Orwell was no ſooner informed by Mr. Gubbles of her danger, than he diſpatched a meſſenger for the neareſt phyſician; but ere he could arrive, Mrs. Delmond was no more.

Having given the neceſſary directions for the interment, the Doctor was urged by his daughter Marianne to ſet out immediately on their intended journey, as they would now have little enough time to reach London before the wedding. "You

"You are miſtaken, my dear," ſaid Dr. Orwell, "ſo much muſt the news of this event add to the miſery of the wretched Julia, and ſo much will ſhe now require the ſoothing ſupport of friendſhip, that I know not Harriet's heart, if it have not the generoſity to defer her own happineſs, in order to alleviate the preſſure of another's anguiſh. There is no fear, therefore, of our not being in time to the wedding; but to gratify you, we ſhall ſet out tomorrow."

They accordingly did ſet out, and arrived at Mrs. Fielding's the evening of the following day. There they found only ſervants to receive them, and from them they learned, that Mrs. Fielding and her gueſts had ſpent the greater part of the day at the Aſylum, from whence they were not yet returned. Thither Dr. Orwell, after committing Marianne to the care of Mrs. Fielding's houſekeeper, directly drove. He was ſhewn into a ſmall parlour,

where

where the firſt object that ſtruck his eye was old Quinten, leaning againſt the window, and with the hand that preſſed upon his forehead covering his eyes, ſo that he did not perceive the Doctor's approach.

"Quinten!" cried Dr. Orwell, "is it you? How came you here? I did not know you had left W——."

'Ah! ſir,' ſaid Quinten, 'could I hear that my maſter's daughter was ill, and in diſtreſs, and not come to offer her my poor ſervices? Suſan no ſooner told me of the news you had brought my miſtreſs, which, by reaſon of her being in the next room, ſhe could not avoid hearing, than I begged her leave to march, and ſet out that very Thurſday evening; though ſhe did not ſeem over-pleaſed at my coming, I know ſhe will thank me afterwards, when—'

"You do not then know that Mrs. Delmond is dead?" ſaid Doctor Orwell, interrupting him.

'My miſtreſs dead!' exclaimed Quinten. 'Oh! that is heavy news indeed! But

Miſs Julia will never hear of it! Oh! no. She will never know that her mother died without forgiving her; but God will be more merciful. He will receive the penitent to his boſom, and the dear child ſhall be an angel of light in heaven!'

"Is Miſs Delmond then ſo very ill?" aſked Doctor Orwell.

'Ill, indeed,' replied Quinten. 'But here is Miſs Orwell, and ſhe will tell you all.'

Quinten then retired, while Harriet, ruſhing into the room, threw her arms round her father's neck, and wept and ſobbed aloud upon his boſom.

"Be calm, my love," ſaid Dr. Orwell, "my darling child! How ſhould I bow in gratitude to that Providence whoſe grace has been ſo liberally beſtowed upon you; every action of your life endears you ſtill further to my heart." Then fondly kiſſing her, he wiped away the tears that ſtill continued to flow from her eyes, and again

begged

begged her to be compoſed. "I am afraid to aſk for Julia," ſaid he; "from your tears I fear it is all over."

'No,' replied Harriet, "ſhe yet lives, but that is all that can now be ſaid. The night before laſt ſhe was ſeized with ſpaſms and other ſymptoms, which the Doctor immediately pronounced fatal. Since then ſhe has ſuffered the extreme of pain; but ſuffered with a patience, a meekneſs, and reſignation, that deſerve a higher term than fortitude, for fortitude is ſometimes the effort of deſpair. Her's is the effect of ſincere penitence, and lively hope in the mercies of God through that Saviour to whom ſhe has been brought, effectually, I truſt, brought through ſufferings. But you muſt ſee her. I can place you where you will be unperceived, for the ſight of you would make her, perhaps, renew her inquiries concerning her mother, and ſhe knows nothing of her death. It would be cruel to diſturb her laſt moments by the intelligence.'

intelligence.' So ſaying, ſhe took her father's hand, and ſilently led him into Julia's room.

Accuſtomed as Dr. Orwell was to the ſight of a death-bed, he never without awe could approach the ſolemn ſcene,

" Where darkneſs brooding o'er unfiniſh'd fate,
" With raven wing incumbent, waits the hour,
" Dread hour! that interdicts all future change."

But never were his feelings more ſenſibly impreſſed than on the preſent occaſion. The firſt object that preſented itſelf was old Mr. Sydney, ſitting in an arm-chair by the bedſide, his hands claſped, and his eyes directed towards heaven in mental prayer, while a few unbidden tears ſtole down his venerable cheeks. Mr. Churchill knelt by the bed, and preſſed one of the cold hands of the dying Julia between both of his; while Maria, ſitting behind her on the bed, ſupported in her arms her feeble frame. She was ſtill addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Churchill, but in a voice too low and broken

broken to be diſtinctly heard. To what ſhe ſaid Churchill was too much affected to permit him to make any other reply than by kiſſing her hand, and bathing it with his tears. After a ſhort pauſe—"Heaven will, in this dear virtuous girl," ſaid ſhe, attempting to join Maria's hand to his, "amply reward you for your goodneſs. She too will act the part of a child to my poor mother—alas! a more deſerving child than I have been towards her! Oh, that I could recall the paſt! But it cannot be. Penitence is all I now can offer—and that I hope GOD and ſhe will accept of. Farewell, ſir! may GOD reward you for your goodneſs to my mother! He only can."

Again Churchill kiſſed her hand with emphatic tenderneſs, and covering his face with his handkerchief, haſtily withdrew to give vent to the feelings he could not control. Maria's eyes followed him to the door with looks of tender ſympathy, which ſeemed eager to expreſs how much his ſenſibility endeared him to her heart.

Julia obſerved her looks, and tenderly taking her hand, "You will be happy, dear Maria," ſaid ſhe, "and you deſerve to be ſo. Harriet too, my dear Harriet, ſhe will be happy with her worthy Sydney; doubly happy even here, for having kept conſtantly in view the happineſs of hereafter. Where is Miſs Botherim? I think I have now ſtrength to ſpeak to her, and it may not be ſo long. I ſhould like now to ſee her."

Harriet inſtantly went out, and returned leading in Bridgetina, who ſeemed to enter with ſome reluctance. She appeared pale and frightened, and ſeemed to dread the ſolemnity of a dying ſcene—a ſcene ſhe had never yet witneſſed. 'You muſt come near her,' ſaid Harriet, as ſhe drew Bridgetina on; "it would diſtreſs her too much to ſpeak to you at this diſtance.'

Julia attempted to hold out her feeble hand as ſhe approached her, which Bridgetina took in her's without ſpeaking.

"You

"You tremble, my dear!" ſaid Julia. "Does it then ſo greatly ſhock you to ſee me thus? Ah, Bridgetina! could I indeed impreſs you with a ſenſe of what my mind now feels, I ſhould not die in vain. You ſee me now on the threſhold of eternity—that eternity, of which we have made a jeſt, but which we muſt acknowledge was never by any argument to a certainty diſproved; improbable we were taught to believe it, but *impoſſible* by mere man it could never be pronounced. I am now convinced, oh! thoroughly convinced, of its awful truth. I believe that I ſhall, ere the lapſe of many hours, appear before the throne of GOD! that GOD whoſe will I have deſpiſed, whoſe providence I have arraigned, nay, whoſe very being I have dared to deny! Bleſſed be his mercy, that did not leave me to periſh in my iniquity!"

After a pauſe, occaſioned by want of breath, ſhe thus proceeded. "You believe JESUS CHRIST to have been a moraliſt and philoſopher,

philoſopher. Examine, I beſeech you, the morality he preached, and you will acknowledge its teacher could not lay the foundation of ſuch a ſyſtem in impoſture. Well did he ſay of future teachers, "*By their fruits ye ſhall know them.*" What, my Bridgetina, are the fruits of the doctrines we have ſo unhappily been led to embrace? *In me you behold them!* In vain will you exclaim, in the jargon to which we have been accuſtomed, againſt the *prejudices of ſociety*, as if to them were owing the load of miſery that ſinks me to a premature grave. Ah! no. Thoſe prejudices, againſt which we have been accuſtomed ſo bitterly to rail, I now behold as a ſalutary fence, which, if I had never dared to overleap, would have ſecured my peace. Were thoſe barriers broken down, and every woman encouraged by the ſuffrage of univerſal applauſe to act as I have acted, fatal, my dear Bridgetina, very fatal to ſociety, would be the conſequence! In my friends here,

here, theſe dear friends whom heaven has in mercy ſent as miniſtering angels to ſmooth the path of death, ſee the fruits of a firm adherence to the doctrines we have deſpiſed! If, like them, I had been taught to devote the actions of every day to my GOD; and inſtead of encouraging a gloomy and querulous diſcontent againſt the preſent order of things, had employed myſelf in a vigilant performance of the duties of my ſituation, and a ſcrupulous government of my own heart and inclinations, how very different would my ſituation now have been! Think of theſe things, Bridgetina; and if ever you ſhould meet with——but I will not diſturb the ſerenity of my ſoul by mentioning his name. Yet why? I carry not with me any reſentments to the grave. Tell Vallaton, then, that as a Chriſtian I forgive him, and pray to GOD to turn his heart. If mine had been fortified by principle, he never could have ſeduced it by his ſophiſtry. No. It was not he, it was my

my own pride, my own vanity, my own preſumption, that were the real ſeducers that undid me. My ſtrength fails. Farewell, my poor Biddy! Nay, do not weep ſo much. I have now hopes of happineſs more ſweet, more precious, than aught the world can beſtow! Go home to our mother, my Biddy; and in the ſober duties of life forget the idle vagaries which our diſtempered brains dignified with the name of philoſophy."

Bridgetina weeping withdrew.

Julia, exhauſted by ſpeaking, reclined her head on Maria's boſom, and remained for ſome minutes ſilent. She then with a quick motion raiſed her head, and looked around the room. "Who is now here?" ſaid ſhe. "Methinks I do not ſee diſtinctly. This, I know, is Harriet's hand. Dear Harriet, oh, when you draw near the cloſe of your life, may the remembrance of the comfort you have beſtowed on me, be a fund of joy and conſolation to your heart!

My

My ſweet inſtructor, my monitreſs, my guide to the path of ſalvation, how ſhall I thank you? Your Sydney too I would thank. How much have I been indebted to his friendly attention! Let me join your hands, that with my dying lips I may bleſs you both."

While Henry and Harriet knelt in ſilent ſorrow by the ſide of the bed, endeavouring as much as poſſible to ſuppreſs their feelings, in order to catch every word that fell from Julia, a loud groan was heard from the oppoſite ſide of the room. Julia inſtantly caught the ſound. "It is honeſt Quinten," ſaid ſhe, "let him come near me. Do not, my good Quinten, do not grieve for me thus. GOD has for me ordered all things graciouſly—I rejoice in his decrees. Death has now for me no terrors."

'O that I ſhould have lived to ſee this day!' ſobbed the old ſoldier. 'Would to GOD I could die for thee, my dear young lady!

lady! But ſurely there is yet hope. So young as you are—ſo very young!'

"Death is no reſpecter of perſons, my good Quinten! you may yet ſee many younger than me laid in their graves. Return to my poor mother, and continue to be attentive to her. She has been ill; do not wound her by the exceſs of your ſorrow. I know my death will grieve her; but tell her, I beg ſhe would conſider it as a bleſſing."

'This is too much!' cried Quinten, 'I cannot, cannot ſtand it.' Then ſtriking his hand upon his furrowed brow, he turned away to conceal the anguiſh of his heart. On a ſlight motion made by Mrs. Fielding, he lifted up his eyes, and beheld the lifeleſs head of Julia ſunk upon Maria's boſom.

A ſilence, more expreſſive than the loudeſt lamentations of clamorous ſorrow, cloſed the ſolemn ſcene.

Maria contiuued ſtill to claſp in her arms the inanimate form of her lovely friend,

friend, lovely even in death; and leaning over her, bedewed the pale face with her faſt-falling tears. Henry and Harriet ſtill knelt by the bed-ſide, and ſtill continued to preſs the hand whoſe laſt office had been uniting theirs. While the old domeſtic, the venerable Quinten, wringing his hands in ſilent anguiſh, gazed upon the corpſe, and ſeemed inſenſible of the tears which courſed each other down his hard and weather-beaten face. Mrs. Fielding, who ſat by the bedſide aſſiſting and ſupporting Maria, made an effort to ſpeak, but could not. Dr. Orwell was the firſt who broke the emphatic ſilence. "It is enough, my children," ſaid he, "all is now over. The ſolemn ſcene is now cloſed —happily cloſed, I truſt in GOD, for the dead; and uſefully for us who are of the living, if we have grace *to lay it to heart!*"

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

" Domeſtic Happineſs, thou only bliſs
" Of paradiſe that has ſurviv'd the fall!
" Though few now taſte thee unimpair'd and pure;
" Or taſting, long enjoy thee;—too infirm,
" Or too incautious, to preſerve thy ſweets
" Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect,
" Or temper, ſheds into thy chryſtal cup.
" *Thou art the nurſe of virtue.*"

COWPER.

THE ſerious part of our readers may perhaps be of opinion, that with the laſt chapter our hiſtory ought properly to have concluded; as whatever we now can add muſt tend to deſtroy the impreſſion it was calculated to produce. It may be ſo. But how could we have the heart to diſappoint the Miſſes, by cloſing our narrative without a wedding. A novel without a wedding is like a tragedy without murder,

murder, which no Britiſh audience could ever be brought to reliſh. A wedding, a double wedding, we ſhall with pleaſure and alacrity announce; but from us our fair readers muſt not expect too much. Willing as we are to oblige them, we cannot poſſibly contrive to marry every individual of our *dramatis perſonæ* in the laſt ſcene.

" And pray, why not?" exclaims a pretty critic. " All the young ones at leaſt you muſt certainly provide for: it is not always done?"

' Yes,' cried another, ' to be ſure it is; and nothing ſhould have tempted me to wade through the book, but to ſee who Bridgetina was to have at the laſt. Had I thought ſhe was to have remained unmarried after all, I give you my word I ſhould never read three pages.'

" Nor I," repeats a third: " and during the half of the laſt volume, I have been doing nothing but thinking whether Mr. Vallaton or Mr. Myope was to be the happy

happy man. Vallaton is a ſad wretch, to be ſure; but then he might have been made to *reform all at once;* nothing is *ſo* common; and who, except this ſtupid author, but would have made him out to be the ſon of ſome great lord?"

'If Bridgetina can't have him,' cries the other, 'ſhe ſurely may have Myope at leaſt. His poverty is no obſtacle; for what ſo eaſy, as to make him have ſome rich uncle come home from the Eaſt-Indies, or to give him a prize in the lottery; or —oh, there are a thouſand ways of giving him a fortune in a moment; and if Bridgetina be not married either to him or Vallaton, I ſhall be out of all patience.'

"And I," rejoins another fair judge, "ſhall condemn the book without mercy, if Mrs. Fielding be not married to her old lover Mr. Sydney. It muſt be ſo, to be ſure. After being in love with each other for thirty years, it would be *ſo* romantic! and they muſt of courſe be *ſo* happy! As for

Henry

Henry and Harriet, there is nothing intereſting in their ſtory. Such matches take place every day. Had they married to live in a cottage upon love, or had they been raiſed to all the ſplendour of the high ton, it might have been charming either way. But to give them competence in middle life is quite a bore, and ſhews the author to be a mere quiz. Churchill and Maria, too, are tame creatures. What woman of ſpirit would put up with being a man's *ſecond love?* When I marry—"

Stay, dear young lady. Make no raſh promiſes; and till experience have convinced you that romantic paſſion is the only true foundation for matrimonial felicity, do not condemn the conduct of Maria Sydney. To the obſervations of your ſiſter critics we ſhall reply in order, and obviate (as much as it is in our power to obviate) the force of their objections.

Firſt, then, with regard to the diſpoſal of our heroine. We are very ſorry to confeſs

confeſs that ſhe is ſtill unmarried. But this is far from being our fault; and if you will have the goodneſs to recollect that ſhe is neither *rich* nor *handſome*, it will ceaſe to appear ſo very extraordinary. Mr. Vallaton might, it is true, have been reformed for her, as you propoſe; he might likewiſe, for aught we know, have been recognized as the offspring of ſome noble lord; had it not unfortunately happened, that before either of theſe events could take place, a period was put to his exiſtence by the perfidious contrivance of the very woman for whoſe ſake he had robbed and abandoned the unfortunate Julia. This wretched woman, whoſe principles Vallaton had made it his boaſt to form, had the art ſo far to inſinuate herſelf into his affections, as to reign abſolute miſtreſs of his heart. His paſſion for Julia gave but a ſhort-lived interruption to her authority. Though the beauty of Julia excited his admiration, his heart was too depraved

to

to feel the full force of her charms. The delicacy of her pure and uncorrupted mind laid him under a reſtraint ſo diſagreeable, that had not the power over her fortune been attached to the poſſeſſion of her perſon, he would ſoon have deſiſted from the purſuit. Nor when ſucceſs had crowned his arts, did the tender affection of Julia touch his ſoul. The mind and manners of the profligate Emmeline were ſo much more congenial to his own, that he found her converſation a relief from the inſipid innocence of Julia's; and though in perſonal attractions there could be no compariſon made between them, he preferred to youth, modeſty, and beauty, the ſophiſticated blandiſhments of a time-worn wanton. So perverſe is the taſte of ſenſual depravity! which, in the well-known language of our immortal bard,

"Though to a radiant angel link'd,
"Will prey on garbage."

With a degree of art beyond the conception even of the artful Vallaton, did this

this infamous woman employ the influence ſhe had obtained to his deſtruction. At her inſtigation he took Julia to the houſe from which ſhe ſo fortunately eſcaped to Mrs. Fielding's aſylum; and as the wickedneſs of even the worſt of men ſeldom equals the wickedneſs of woman, it was by her contrivance that Julia was there robbed of the ſum he had intended to leave her for the ſupply of her immediate exigencies. The plan of their elopement to France was likewiſe her's, and the execution of it ſhe contrived to accelerate by the introduction of a pretended friend from that kingdom, who appeared as a private agent for the ſale of the confiscated eſtates of the ex-nobles; and who fired the avarice of Vallaton by the deſcription of a ſeigniory which he offered him upon terms ſo advantageous, that it would have been folly to let ſlip the opportunity of ſo highly advancing his fortune.

On arriving at Paris, where the purchaſe was to be completed, ſome obſtacles occurred,

occurred, of which the London agent had not been ſufficiently aware; hopes were however given, that theſe might be overcome, and the negociation was ſtill going forward, when Vallaton was arreſted as a ſpy and agent of the royaliſts. It was not till after his trial and condemnation that he diſcovered the name of his accuſer, or the nature of the evidence on which he had been condemned. Sharper than the inſtrument of death was the anguiſh that pierced him, when made ſenſible that he had been betrayed by the wretched partner of his guilt. On his way to the ſcaffold he gave vent to his rage by curſes and imprecations, which he continued to pour forth till the laſt minute drew on. He then pauſed, and by the expreſſion of his countenance ſeemed to caſt a retroſpective glance on the events of his paſt life. A convulſive groan of horror and deſpair then burſt from his agitated boſom; he ſtarted from the graſp of the executioner,

after a ſhort and ineffectual ſtruggle, was forced to ſubmit to the fatal blow.

To offer any comment upon the circumſtances of this cataſtrophe would be impertinent. As we do not preſume to imagine, far leſs to take it for granted, that our readers are leſs capable of reflection than we are ourſelves, we ſhall not trouble them with obvious deductions from the circumſtances we relate; but content ourſelves with having fully explained the reaſons that rendered it impoſſible for us to gratify our fair readers by making up a match between Mr. Vallaton and our heroine Bridgetina.

Why Mr. Myope did not marry her is, perhaps, not quite ſo eaſily ſolved. He might, indeed, as has very properly been obſerved, have made an excellent huſband for her; but it unfortunately ſo happened, that having *no* rich uncle coming home from abroad, and having got *no* prize in the lottery, and having moreover become

acquainted

acquainted with a rich widow (a diſciple of Swedenborg's, by whom he was made a convert to the New Jeruſalem faith) he ſealed his converſion by uniting himſelf to his inſtructreſs; and is now employed in writing a quarto volume to prove the poſſibility of an intercourſe with the world of ſpirits. He has already had ſome admirable viſions; but Bridgetina, though much inclined to adopt his new opinions, has not yet been ſo highly favoured. She continues to live with her mother, and notwithſtanding the diſſimilarity of their purſuits, begins to find that the conſciouſneſs of contributing to the happineſs of a parent is a *pleaſurable ſenſation.*

As for Mrs. Fielding, ſhe ſhall in her own words explain to you her reaſons for declining an union with Mr. Sydney, when propoſed to her by by ſome friends, who knew the length and ſincerity of their mutual attachment.

"It is obſerved by Solomon," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, that *there is a time for all*

things;' among the reſt *'a time to marry.'* This *time* is ſurely not in the autumn of life, when the habits are formed, and the mind has loſt that ductility which renders it capable of yielding to, and even coaleſcing with, the humours of its partner. Without ſolid and mutual eſteem, no marriage can be happy. The love that has it not for its baſis, is, as Solomon obſerves of the laughter of fools, *'like the crackling of thorns;'* a blaze that is ſoon extinguiſhed. But cold eſteem is not ſufficient. Love too muſt lend its aid; and what can be more ridiculous than a Cupid in wrinkles! No, no, my friends; I ſhall not ſo expoſe myſelf. I ſtill feel for Mr. Sydney the moſt lively affection, but it is not the affection that would now lead me to become his wife. From the day I heard of his marriage, I have devoted myſelf to a ſingle life. I have endeavoured to create to myſelf objects of intereſt that might occupy my attention, and engage my affections. Theſe

I have

I have found in the large family of the unfortunate. My plan has been ſucceſsful in bringing peace to my boſom; and peace is the happineſs of age—it is all the happineſs of which on this ſide the grave I ſhall be ſolicitous."

Such was the deciſion of Mrs. Fielding, which no intreaty could prevail on her to alter. To our fair readers we ſhall leave it to pronounce upon its propriety.

In the affectionate and endearing attention of her children (for ſo ſhe calls Henry Sydney and his wife) ſhe receives as great ſatisfaction as ever parent experienced. She is a daily witneſs of their happineſs, and perhaps, in the conſciouſneſs of having been inſtrumental in promoting it, experiences a happineſs that is little inferior.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill (who reſide great part of the year in the country) tho' they could not prevail upon Mr. Sydney to relinquiſh his houſe at W——, or give up the paternal care of his little flock, enjoy a great deal

deal of his company, and have the pleaſure, by a thouſand tender attentions, of increaſing his comfort, and augmenting his felicity. In their journies to town, where Mr. Churchill is obliged to ſpend a part of every winter, they have hitherto prevailed on Mr. Sydney to accompany them; and that he may have an additional inducement for continuing to do ſo, Mr. Churchill has fitted up a ſmall muſeum of natural hiſtory, which it is the old gentleman's delightful buſineſs to fill with the choiceſt ſpecimens. The muſeum has, however, of late occupied a leſs ſhare of his attention than formerly. Since the little Maria Churchill has been able to liſp the name of *grandpapa*, and Harry Sydney to climb upon his knee, the beetles and butterflies have been frequently neglected; nor is it a ſlight gratification to the ſmiling parents to perceive how much the endearing careſſes of his little favourites gain upon his heart.

" Oh

" Oh ſpeak the joy, ye whom the ſudden tear
" Surpriſes often, while ye look around,
" And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
" All various nature preſſing on the heart;
" An elegant ſufficiency, content,
" Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
" Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
" Progreſſive virtue and approving Heav'n!
" Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love,
" And thus their moments fly. The ſeaſons thus
" As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
" Still find them happy—"

Happy even in "*this corrupt wilderneſs of human ſociety*," where any degree of happineſs is, in the dark and gloomy dogmas of modern philoſophy, repreſented as impoſſible. Impoſſible, however, it never will be found by thoſe who ſeek for it in the right path of regulated deſires, ſocial affections, active benevolence, humility, ſincerity, and a lively dependence on the Divine favour and protection.

" What cauſe for triumph, where ſuch ills abound?
" What for dejection, where preſides a Pow'r,
" Who call'd us into being—*to be bleſt?*"

FINIS.

Cruttwell, Printer, St. James's-Street, Bath.